JOHN BULL, week ending Nov. 14, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1900

3D EVERY THURSDAY

COMB OUT! COMB OUT!! By The EDITOR

U-BOAT VICTIMS 'CAPTURE' A SHIP

DON'T FORGET CHIN By A.G.L.

TICKETS

Is your journey really necessary?

'Yes, I hear they want more BOVRIL'

you nder ho's ssing r now ?

When you find that you're forgotten by the girl you can't forget, here's a tip . . . Use Colgate Dental Cream, the tooth paste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.

TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH.

You can see for yourself how Colgate's brightens your teeth, giving you a more attractive, more sparkling smile! You will enjoy its flavour. It's such a *pleasant* way to combat bad breath.

"Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."

1/1 *Including Tax*
THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE

Good health —good work

A pair of clear, bright eyes. An ability to carry on through all sorts of weather at all hours of the day. And, incidentally, a naturally lovely complexion. If this war worker believes in the Golden Rule of Health, why don't you?

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere

Boxes 1/4 & 3/3 (*Including Purchase Tax*)
Also in PENNYWORTHS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

FOOD FACTS

M.F

How Good a Cook are you?

The test of a good cook is the way she cooks potatoes. Housewives who take pride in cooking meat to a turn often serve up wet, mushy potatoes that are as tasteless as they are unappetising. Make the best of your potatoes. They are worth it. Potatoes give you extra energy and guard you against infections. They are cheap and home-grown. Follow the potato cookery rules and you'll get new enjoyment from the homely potato.

THERE ARE BOILED POTATOES *AND* BOILED POTATOES

Never peel a potato before cooking, peeling wastes goodness and flavour. Scrub potatoes instead, cook them in their skins. Remove skins after cooking if you like. But you'll find potatoes in their skins make good eating.

BOIL POTATOES this way. First scrub them and put into a saucepan with just enough boiling salted water to cover them. Boil them *slowly* for 10 minutes, then drain, cover with a clean cloth, put lid on again tightly and let potatoes stand in a warm place for 20 minutes. They then finish cooking in their own steam: this keeps them from breaking and makes them deliciously floury.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 122

Long before Bruce and his spider..

Through the ages wine has kept its place of honour in our domestic history. It still does. As in centuries long past the production of wines here in England is today a flourishing industry and with the added advantage of grapes ripened in sunny Empire vineyards. British wines of unsurpassed quality — known as V.P. — and produced in accordance with time honoured method — may still be obtained in this country, though not indeed as readily as they were. But they are always well worth waiting for—and you have the satisfaction of knowing there is nothing to equal V.P. in quality and value.

V.P.
POINT BRAND
WINES

British wines made from finest Empire grapes have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey since the early days of the century. The British Wines bottled by Vine Products include V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE and V.P. BRITISH SHERRY, all at 5/6d. a bottle.

Off whenever you can
On only when you must
to HELP
SAVE ELECTRICITY

Even the small amount of current used by

MAZDA LAMPS

is well worth saving for the Nation

Mazda Lamps Stay Bright Longer

Made in England by The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd. C3049

MORE *make-do & mend* IDEAS

NOT only clothes, but practically all kinds of household furnishings, fabrics and utensils are in short supply. More and more materials and labour are needed for war production. So make it a rule to buy nothing new you can possibly do without—even if it does mean a lot of cleaning, mending and making do with the things you have.

PUT YOUR KETTLE ON ITS METTLE

Don't discard your old friend the kettle just because of a hole or a leaking seam. See if it can be repaired — for an enamel kettle use a "pot-mender." Even if it is quite worn out you can still boil water in any saucepan. Sheet metal is a most important war material. It cannot be spared for "spare" kettles and pans.

Tin kettles quickly rust if you leave water standing in them after use. When you've made the tea, drain the kettle and turn it up near the stove to dry out.

TEA-TOWEL TRICK. Everyone knows the dodge of turning sheets "sides to middle" to add to their life. But there comes a day when, even after that, the sheet, as a sheet, is useless. It can, however, still be used to make tea-towels or glass-cloths. Cut the best parts from the sides and ends and hem the raw edges. Even the worn parts can still be used as cleaning rags before you turn them over to salvage.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 14, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

ROLLING THEM BACK

THE great forward sweep of the forces of freedom has started well; the turning point of the war has been reached.

We are opening opportunities for audacious and shattering action—and we can take them.

Strength and Strategy

No longer is it a case of "too little and too late." Alexander and Eisenhower are backed by terrific strength.

Our strategy has been sound; our tactics skilful.

Men and Machines

Both in the disastrous defeat of Rommel and the descent on French North Africa, air power has been used to the full. At last we are employing tanks as good as those of the enemy.

Above all, it is clear that our troops are still of the same stuff as their brothers who fought with their backs to the wall in Calais and Crete.

Four Names

Rommel's defeat is Alexander's triumph. Himself often in the front line, Alexander took the major decisions of battle. In Montgomery he had a lieutenant who could use artillery and infantry as a new "blitzkrieg" force.

Eisenhower has shown both firmness and discretion: it was wise to send the Americans in first to the French ports.

Where Next!

But the greatest battles and the heaviest fighting are yet to come. When we seize control of all the Mediterranean—and we shall seize it—we can open the "Second Front" on which our hearts are set.

It is then, when the enemy is brought to bay, that he will fight most fiercely.

Already he is frantically despatching troops to quaking Italy and the courageous land it would give us most pleasure to free—Greece.

Eyes on Europe

But the enemy dare not turn away his eyes from the north.

Do our sallies across the Channel foreshadow a great expedition? He cannot be sure. Does the rising resistance of the French and Belgians and Dutch herald a new Battle of Flanders? We have got him guessing.

Second Front

And great events are coming elsewhere. The Russians are preparing a massive offensive in the North. The Chinese too, promise to attack with all their strength when we open a Second Front in the Pacific.

Hopefully they are looking to Wavell; no doubt they will not look in vain.

We shall see a world-wide offensive against the Axis.

Five Fronts

Already five major campaigns are in progress.

The Middle East is one. The Russian war and the Russian winter are not less important.

And the sound military maxim that has brought success to Montgomery promises failure to Von Hoth: attack with the greatest possible force in the smallest possible area!

Stalingrad's Thorn

Von Hoth has done so at Stalingrad. And his twenty-two divisions have been shattered by a much smaller, much finer force of Russian defenders.

So the German advance to the Caucasus, serious though it is, may prove a costly folly.

As long as the Russian forces hold Stalingrad they will be a thorn in the enemy flanks—a thorn that may be pushed in to cut the lines of communications.

Bombing from Britain

The third campaign is our bombing of Germany and Italy. It is essentially a long-term policy; you can't expect it to end the war in a month or two.

But it is beginning to have serious effects on enemy production. It must be maintained and extended.

U-Boat's Decline

In the fourth campaign—the sea and air war to keep open our communications—we are doing well.

That does not mean the battle is nearly over. To beat the U-boats we shall have to produce every 'plane and ship that our man-power permits.

If we do so, our eventual success is certain.

Co-operation

Finally, there is the Far East campaign (the strategy of which is stressed by A. G. G. in this issue), where the prospects of triumph are no less bright.

In short, the fourth year of war sees the immense power of the United Nations beginning to strike hammer blows at the enemy.

But to strike with maximum force on the right anvils at the right time will demand far better co-operation between the United Nations than has yet been achieved.

Dividing Line

There should be united strategy to co-ordinate all the efforts of the freedom-striving Powers. There should be no tug-of-war between the Powers themselves; no ambiguous lines of demarcation across the strategic map.

As American papers have pointed out, strategic problems in the Pacific have been complicated because one group of islands is under the command of one officer, while the neighbouring group is controlled by another officer.

One-Track Service

But we need not go so far to find examples of such costly folly.

Here in Britain the Navy is organising an air transport service. An excellent innovation—if it were to meet the needs of our fighting men as a whole.

Not so. It will be run by the Fleet Air Arm, and it will serve the Navy alone.

No Trespassers

Of course, we should transport urgently wanted supplies by air! Of course we should have an air ferry to speed reinforcements to our battle zones!

Yet the Navy jealously insists on its private ferry—and presumably the Army must go hang.

Airfield Wrangle

In the Middle East we have co-ordination between the R.A.F. and the Army such as would be hard to better. General Alexander and Air Chief-Marshal Tedder have seen to that.

Which makes it all the stranger that here in Britain there is even a reluctance to grant decent aerodromes for Army Co-operation 'planes.

Chance for Us

How strange that, when the enemy is so worried by the certainty of great Allied offensives, we should be so slow to "soften" his peoples by truthful and factual propaganda!

Never before have we had so great a chance to demoralise our opponents. Never has it been more essential to co-ordinate the United Nations' propaganda.

Eager Listeners!

For a curious change has occurred in Germany.

Apparently more and more Germans listen to foreign broadcasts. So many, indeed, that the Nazis now pounce only on those who *spread* the news they thus hear. No prosecutions are reported merely for *listening* to the B.B.C

Just a Reminder

How best can Russia and Britain weaken the Germans' allegiance to their Nazi bosses?

By bombarding them with reminders of their bosses' own words, by recalling the claims to have "annihilated" the Russian armies a year ago, to have laid London waste two years ago, to have destroyed the R.A.F., to have made it certain that never a bomb would fall on Germany.

Practice and Preaching

And, after telling them the realities of the present, we must offer them a promise for the future.

We must make clear our determination to build a New World of social security and justice.

The best way to make it clear, obviously, is to begin to practise what we preach.

Plan Now

We must plan now the reforms we seek to attain.

Unfortunately, our Government dithers and dallies. It will not commit itself to definite promises; it is content to hope for the best.

How can unemployment be prevented unless we plan now? How can prosperity be restored to Europe if we are not ready for the peace when it comes?

The Government makes no answer.

We Must Lead

As Mr. Ammon, M.P., has said, it is dangerous to shelve our plans for a better order. But if we began now to create a new social order we should not merely encourage our own people and the peoples of Occupied Europe, but win the confidence of many in the enemy camps.

WE HAVE SEIZED THE INITIATIVE IN BATTLE. WE SHOULD TAKE THE INITIATIVE IN PREPARING FOR PEACE.

(Continued overleaf)

GIVE IT UP

● No doubt you have read that urgent appeal to householders to give up for salvage such articles as old brass candlesticks, copper kettles and saucepans—for metals are badly needed by our arms factories.

Well, not so long ago quite a lot of metal was wasted in the factories

Workers used to make ornaments for officials and themselves—they had nothing else to do.

When one man was taken on at an ammunition depot, for example, his first job was to make two "arty" flower-pots from the bases of 6-in. cartridge-cases.

Aircraft engineers fashioned model 'planes from precious aluminium, brooches from brass. Munition workers produced tea and sugar canisters, copper kettles and electric shaving pots while waiting to get on with the war.

JOHN BULL suggests that the people who own these mementoes of the sorry past should immediately give them up to help our war effort in the future.

And everyone else should see what can be spared from the kitchen, scullery and lumber room!

"THE WAGE EARNER HAS GONE BUT THOSE LEFT HAVE TO LIVE ON."—

So writes Mrs. E. Martin, of Brixham, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" following the death of her husband in a recent air raid.

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

SOCIAL justice after the war. So we are promised. But why not social justice during the war?

There still isn't much of it available for seamen. Maybe they are expected to live on bouquets.

Wages Stopped

The case of a ship's carpenter of Renfrew provides one example. He served for two and a half years without leave. But when his ship was laid up for six days, the owners stopped £2 8s. from his wages!

In His Debt

Now he's ill with appendicitis. His total income is 19s. a week sick benefit. On that he must keep himself, his wife and three children—and pay rent of 15s.

We are constantly being reminded of our debt to the Merchant Navy. A pity we can't start to repay it!

Pensions Quibble

Social justice also means decent pensions. And they're often hard to get.

One war victim has been trying to get one for months. He has visited officials, been visited by them, had a welter of correspondence and a medical examination—and is still waiting.

Justice delayed is justice denied.

Attempted Suicide

Similar delay has nearly killed a Surbiton man. He served in Egypt, was discharged from the Army as medically unfit, tried in vain to get work, couldn't get his pension claim settled—and drew a razor across his throat.

Luckily, his life has been saved. Will the Ministry of Pensions now make it bearable?

Our Appeal

Capt. F. D. Bone sends us hearty thanks, on behalf of the Fleet Street Branch of the British Legion, for our effort to get Pension Appeal Tribunals set up.

His branch is waging a similar campaign. And eventually those tribunals will be set up. But we confess we are impatient.

No Time Limit

We are not even mollified by a direct assurance from the Ministry that, when the tribunals *are* established, there will be no time limit for appeals.

So, if a man wins his case on appeal, he'll get his arrears of pension—even if it means years of arrears.

No Answer

That's all very well. But what is to happen in the meantime to people who have had their claims turned down? Endure hardship—and perhaps die before war ends and the independent appeals tribunals are set up?

To Encourage Him

Here's something else that offends our notion of social justice.

Emanuel Boden, a frail old man of seventy-three, is still "doing his bit" as a miner. Because he is working, he has been ordered to contribute towards the maintenance of an unemployed son-in-law and his family.

An M.P. Says So

Maybe he'll be glad to hear that "the average miner can afford to buy things that the rich man can't afford."

Mr. Wragg, M.P. for Belper, is reported as saying that. And Mr. Wragg should know. For he is a coalowner.

Will He Resign?

We now wait to hear that Mr. Wragg has resigned his directorships and will, in future, grow rich at the coal face.

Sir John Don't-Know

Very rich is Sir John Leigh, M.P., who has just been fined for a technical food offence. He told an inspector that "he wouldn't know a ration book if he saw one."

No comment could possibly do justice to that rich remark.

One in Eight

Besides, we'd hate to offend Sir John. We want the assistance of himself and every other M.P.

Maybe he knows—perhaps he doesn't—that the school feeding service is one of the finest things in public life to-day. But it should be extended.

For only one child in eight can buy a school dinner.

Church Schools

Talking of schools, a reader tells us of a Church school in such bad repair that the children get wet in their classrooms and the sanitation is barbaric.

Alas! that is but one of many.

Smart Idea

The Church's attitude seems to be that such schools shall be rebuilt at State expense, but that the State shall not gain control of them.

That, too, does not accord with JOHN BULL'S ideas of social justice. We agree with the sentiments of our reader: "We are tired of 1066 methods."

They Lose

1066 and All That has beaten the Lord Mayor of London.

He tried to save a Sunday show that was to have been given in aid of a prisoners-of-war fund. But the Lord's Day Observance Society won in the end.

It isn't social justice to perpetuate archaic laws that allow a noisy minority to intimidate the rest of the community!

Contrast

Here's another facet of justice:

A man has been jailed for twelve months for going into swagger London hotel and ordering a meal for which he couldn't pay.

A woman has been fined £20 for stealing clothes worth £94, and 450 coupons.

Oversight

However, the muddles of our magistracy are probably no worse than the blunders of our officialdom.

Nearly six months was spent on erecting some fine new machinery in a Government factory.

Somebody has now discovered that the plant was intended for a factory miles away, so a few months will have to be spent in dismantling it.

Making Work

An Oxford don raises another point. After undergraduates show their higher certificates to a Ministry of Labour official, the same official asks the don to certify that the undergrads hold the certificates.

Well, it all helps to find work for officials who would otherwise have to do some really useful war work!

Not Wanted

Unfortunately, the same type of official drone prevents other folk from doing useful work.

A middle-aged ex-business woman answered the appeal for temporary post-office sorters. No one bothered to interview her. Oh no! she just received a curtly printed note of rejection.

Ransom Wages

It will hardly please her—or farm labourers—to hear that labourers imported from overseas are able to demand, and get, £18 a week for lifting potatoes in Lincolnshire.

The Army Way

Quite a few Army officers must envy that pay. We heard recently of one who went down with fever after overseas service. With the result that he was given nine months' "leave without pay."

Luckily for him, he had private money. But what of the poor devils who aren't so lucky?

Elementary

Which reminds us of another Army story. An honours graduate in engineering was called up—and is now being taught elementary mathematics!

After which it's no surprise to hear of a lad with many qualifications for sanitary work who, wanted by the R.A.M.C. to train as a hygiene specialist, can't get his transfer because his own C.O. insists on making a signalman of him.

No Boots

But the Land Army is stranger still. The girls' payment depends on the rate for the county to which they are posted. So Yorkshire lasses sent to Cornwall are left with 16s. 11d. a week after paying for their keep.

It's equally silly that rubber boots and overcoats aren't provided for their work.

In the Cold

Next absurdity is that a bill-poster can get extra clothing coupons, but none are granted to a middle-aged woman who, to release a man for the Forces, cycles twenty miles every other day as an insurance agent.

Often soaked to the skin, she finds her clothes being ruined because she isn't allowed to buy an oilskin and wellingtons.

Petrol Waste

Miners drew Major Lloyd George's attention to the waste of petrol by twenty cars that accompanied him on his recent tour of the coalfields.

We draw their attention to another source of waste, and we hope they'll back up our protest.

Still Running

One railway is allowed to operate a service of coaches through the Essex suburbs to convey its staff to work, though the route is adequately covered by 'bus services.

The coaches may have been necessary during the blitz. But not now.

Bombs in the Bushes

Nor do we find it an adequate explanation that the bombs found under some churchyard bushes by Hornsey children, and which they happily threw about the streets, have turned out to be "duds."

There should be far more careful supervision of munitions that might—just possibly—be "live" enough to kill our own people.

Wrexham Hustles

To protect our own people, fire guards should be properly trained. But are they? We recently suggested that they aren't, for all the promises and assurances of the Government.

The fire guard staff officer of Wrexham now takes us to task. He tells us that regular lessons for fire guards started there so long ago as February, are held every night of the week, and include practice with hydrants and trailer pumps.

Well, that's fine for Wrexham, and we offer our congratulations. But Wrexham isn't London, or any other of the target cities of Britain.

More, Please

We state again that fire guard training is deplorably and dangerously patchy. We say that, in many target areas, guards are merely invited to attend demonstrations and not compelled to practise.

And we say that the whole scheme must be made efficient.

No Official Ban

In our issue for September 12 we told how coloured seamen had been refused admittance to dance halls in Londonderry, attributing this ban to an official ruling.

The Town Clerk has now written assuring us that there is no official ban in existence and that the City Corporation is doing everything in its power to make the stay of Servicemen in Londonderry as comfortable as possible.

Behind the News

- **Admiral Raeder is searching for dock experts to build defences in the Greek ports of Salamis and Patras. Nazis fear invasion there almost as much as on the Channel coast.**
- *Hitler is trying to purge the German General Staff, which is dissatisfied with his conduct of the war.*
- Shortage of staff officers, however, makes it impossible for him to sack them wholesale.
- **Nazi newspapers are screaming because the Russians are using British and U.S. tanks in Stalingrad.**
- *Information from foreign sources appears to indicate that plans to send Nazi stratosphere 'planes to bomb Britain have been postponed following news that new British A.A. guns could reach them.*
- **Riots in Vienna against Prussian refugees have brought official advice to would-be evacuees to keep clear of Austria.**
- *Goebbels has ordered destruction of all records of the "1812 Overture" celebrating Napoleon's defeat and retreat in Russia.*
- Hitler's need of transport in Russia this winter is vital; so European mounted police have been changed to infantry in order to use the horses as pack animals.
- **Patriots in Norway, Denmark and Holland refuse to recognise relatives who work for Germany when they come home on holiday.**
- *Nazi labour terrorist Hierl has been sent to Bulgaria to quell anti-German obstruction.*
- Laval has been ordered to comb-out the colonial service because so many executives in Madagascar joined Free French when Allies landed.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

COMB OUT !—COMB OUT !!

NOTHING short of total mobilisation can now supply the man-power needed to sustain our fighting forces in an all-out victory drive.

Herbert Morrison says: "Britain is near the limit of her resources of man-power, *but there is still room for improvement in the organisation and allocation of these resources.*"

Room for improvement, indeed! That is putting it very mildly.

The wasteful allocation of men and women workers is scandalous!

And it is worst in Government Departments, municipal offices and war factories. Overstaffing is notorious.

Many men of military age are retained as "indispensable." A real comb-out is long overdue.

There are legions of girl clerks—filing, typing, filling in forms, checking coupons, and doing simple routine jobs. Many are definitely surplus to requirements.

Hear what Mr. L. C. White, the general secretary of the Civil Service Clerical Association, says.

He speaks from personal knowledge, and for a large body of discontented workers who resent the anomalies of "a half-hearted call-up."

"The Labour Ministry," he says, "has permitted Government departments to keep their girls of 20 to 22, provided an equal number of women of any age is released for the Forces and industry."

AND some of them are doing so. Yet it is the young, fit and *mobile* workers who are most needed by the Services!

"Temporary Civil Service girls under twenty-three, who have been given safe jobs because of the influence of their parents," declares Mr. White, "are being retained, while old-established Civil Servants are sent to industry and the Forces."

He cites the case of a senior with eleven years' service who was released and replaced by an inexperienced newcomer of 22.

And, meanwhile, the Services are forced to advertise for recruits!

JOHN BULL has had many letters on this subject. Here are two cases for which we can vouch.

One concerns a young woman fit for the Services who was taken on as a temporary clerk by a Government department evacuated to the West Country.

Believe it or not, she was rebuked for working too hard! She was told that, if she did more than her share, "there wouldn't be enough work to go round"!

In a similar department increases in establishment are notorious. One girl clerk alone has secured jobs for three of her friends!

Many young women realise that their abilities are being wasted. They echo Mr. White's demand: "Call up every girl under twenty-three in the Civil Service just the same as girls in other employment."

Hitherto they have pleaded in vain for permission to volunteer for the Services.

Now, at last, the Treasury has given instructions that they should be released "wherever possible"

But note that there is still no suggestion of pruning Ministry staffs; of applying compulsion to the young women who have to be paid by the nation for doing little or nothing!

Then there is the ugly suggestion of privilege, influence and wire-pulling, which, if not general, certainly exists.

And finally, there remains the clogging influence of Red Tape, routine procedure and endless duplication of controls.

What do you think of this instance from the latest report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure?

It shows that under the means test "it would appear possible for a single family to be subjected to investigation of its means and needs by nine separate officers, five of them from Government departments and four from local authorities!"

Comment upon so monstrous a waste of time, money *and* man-power is superfluous.

We say that all warrens of clerical labour must be combed out and combed out again.

We detest needless compulsion, but the time has come to put all *available* fit men and women into uniform.

By "available" we mean of suitable age and capable of replacement.

Mothers of young children cannot be replaced and there are no substitutes for skilled workers, male or female, in certain industries.

But, if we face the present man-power crisis with realism and courage, we *must* end privilege and we *must* sacrifice all personal convenience to the national interest.

This means—and we make no bones about it—that we shall have to extend the conscription of women for the Services and for war industry.

Hitherto, the call-up, as we said in a leading article last month, has been a bungle.

We are now told that women are making a good response to the Government's appeal for volunteers.

But the response is not nearly big enough. All fit young women, married or single, are desperately needed for the Services or for war industry.

The special demand is for "mobility"; for girls free to leave home and ready to go into uniform, or to be sent to factories and shipyards now short of vital labour.

Provided these young women have no overriding domestic duties—and ample safeguards are provided against hardship—we say they must now be compelled to join up.

It is admitted in principle that no fit *man* of military age should now remain out of uniform unless he is doing a vital civilian job which cannot be done by a woman or older man.

The same principle should be applied to all fit women in the early twenties. Where they *can* be replaced by older women or part-time workers, the replacement ought to be immediate and automatic.

We must drop the distinction between married and single women. And we must put the wives of Service men on the same footing as the wives of civilian workers.

CHILDLESS young women, with no special domestic ties, cannot reasonably expect any more consideration than their brothers and their husbands. They will have to go where they are needed most.

The jobs near home must be left to those who cannot leave their homes. Clerical work must be done as far as possible by women in the later age groups and by part-timers.

Industries not directly concerned in the war effort will have to make do as best they can with substitute labour of the same kind.

And *all* establishments must be kept down to essential requirements.

Russian women delegates were amazed at the number of British girls who were obviously not engaged in full-time war work.

They were amazed because the Soviets are fighting so desperately that total mobilisation is taken for granted. Everybody able to work or fight is doing so without distinction of age or sex.

The man-power crisis here is less obvious, but no less real. We are attacking at last, and we need a tremendous burst of speed to give that already magnificent attack its greatest possible impetus.

And there is no way to get that burst of speed and hold it except by the total mobilisation of the national effort.

Hitler's Slaves May Tip the Scale

THE hundreds of thousands of foreign slaves with whom Hitler hopes to win the war will probably precipitate his downfall.

It sounds fantastic—but it emerges clearly from the stories of some foreign workers, citizens of neutral States, who have been lucky enough to get out of Germany.

* * *

They went there, chiefly from Switzerland and Sweden, as comparatively free men on contracts for a stated time. Even so, it was not easy to get away, because the Nazis used every means of persuasion, and even pressure, to induce them to renew their contracts.

One thing they make clear is that sabotage on any big scale cannot be depended on because of the strong control by Gestapo agents and S.S. men.

But there is, they say, a definite "go slow" attitude by an increasing number of German workers who are wearied of the war.

It is in this reaction that the menace to Hitler from the foreign slaves he has herded into his factories is taking root.

At first the foreign worker is, apparently, received very warily and often coldly by his German workmates. He soon discovers though that this is nothing to do with national hatred or "master-race" prejudice.

The German worker, it turns out, is trying first to find out cautiously whether his new foreign colleague is a quisling who volunteered because of his Fascist leanings, or whether unemployment and hunger drove him to the Nazi recruiting office.

Once the fear of being trapped by a Fascist or an *agent-provocateur* is removed, tongues loosen.

"Don't try to outdo us with piece-work. Too much production would only prolong the war. If so many foreigners did not come here, we should get peace sooner."

This is the kind of talk which goes on once a sufficient degree of trust has been reached between alien and native workers.

* * *

Of course, by no means all the German workers talk like that. There are still a great number of convinced Nazis among them, but not so many as one might believe.

Most of the young workers who form the bulk of the fanatical rank-and-file have had to be taken into the Army to replace the terrific losses on the Russian front.

* * *

A big proportion of those remaining at home are men over forty or even forty-five, who have a real Trade Union tradition. They remember the last war and the Republic.

All reliable reports confirm that women also, inside and outside the factories, are even more angry about the increasing number of foreign workers in Germany.

Their attitude is that as more come, the more widespread will be the call of their own menfolk for the firing-line.

First signs of this anti-war link in the very heart of the Nazi Reich between German and foreign slaves were noticed about a year ago. Now it is growing fast.

So it is no longer bold, wishful thinking, but a fairly reasonable prophecy to visualise the day when Hitler's régime, shaken by military defeats and devastating R.A.F. raids, will finally be knocked out at home by labour slaves—Germans and foreigners.

V. S.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

LAST WALK WITH MY TERRIER

NEARLY ten years ago I saw in a cage in a big London store a wire-haired terrier puppy, two months old.

He was the last of the litter. He looked so lonely, and his eyes were so brown and wistful that I bought him.

I called him Bonnie. For nearly ten years he was my pal. He went with me in the car the length and breadth of England.

Now he is dead. I killed him, as surely as though I strangled him with my hands or put a bullet through his head.

★ ★ ★

A short time ago, Bonnie, teased and pulled about beyond endurance by my three-year-old daughter, snapped at her and bit her slightly on the forehead.

It was the second time he had nipped her. I am sure he loved her. The way he put up with her tantrums was proof of it.

And penitence and remorse were in every line of his aging body.

The doctor who cauterised the wound warned me solemnly against keeping Bonnie.

I left the surgery and went home to wrestle with the problem. For two days I shirked the issue. Then I made up my mind.

It was evening. The moon was up. Bonnie bounded out of the front door for, as he thought, his usual nightly romp.

He ran eagerly ahead of me, his tail quivering in the moonlight, his little black nose poking into hedges.

★ ★ ★

There was life and love of life in every vital, highly strung inch of him. Who, I asked myself as I walked along with heavy heart, had the right to put an end to such life?

My mind answered my heart. What stupidity, said reason, to worry over a dog when men were dying in battle, and millions of men and women and children were suffering persecution.

But my heart would not be comforted; and twice in the last hundred yards of the walk to the vet's house, I nearly turned back.

There, as I entered the drive, Bonnie paused. This, he told himself, was out of the nightly run of things.

My last memory of him is the sight of his puzzled brown eyes.

I patted him good-bye, paid the executioner's fee, and walked out, unseeing, into the moonlight.

To-day my home seems deserted. The sight of an old, chewed tennis ball on the lawn brings back memories of thousands of happy romps.

★ ★ ★

Most of all I miss his protesting farewells in the morning—he used to bark his head off when I kissed my wife good-bye—and his glad, frantic welcomes when I got home.

I even miss the letters he used to pounce on and worry as soon as the postman came.

I miss—but what's the use of going on? What right has anyone to miss something or someone he has killed?

That's what I tell myself. But the heaviness in my heart remains.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, Father of Social Services

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—What a gigantic cat you have set among the pigeons! Already it is clear how great will be the fight over your plan for social security.

Freedom from want, says President Roosevelt, is one of the "four freedoms" for which we are fighting. Your plan would secure it for everyone in Britain.

But opposition is being marshalled. Your antagonists are sharpening their weapons.

Foremost are the financial interests who thrived on the old social order, to whom economic anarchy meant huge profits.

Your scheme, they are going to declare, will smash many small insurance companies.

It need not, of course. They can as easily be fitted into a national framework as local councils are fitted into national government.

And, anyhow, the welfare of our people must be put above that of the vested interests.

Next come the Diehards, who pay lip service to the ideals of the Four Freedoms but who hope the ideals will never be put into practice.

"Think twice before you act—and then don't act," is their slogan.

They argue that our people would go "soft" if we protected them against poverty from the cradle to the grave. Well, Hitler too thought we were a lazy lot, but he knows better now.

They say that the present patchwork of social services is good enough.

Good enough? They could never have seen the stagnant villages of South Wales during the Great Depression, or the Tyneside shipwrights who tramped the streets until their feet bled.

Nor can they know how bitterly valueless life can seem to the old-age pensioner.

But also among your opponents, unfortunately, are some of the more reactionary trade unions. They fear your proposals for work disablement pensions will mean less work for them.

I think we can leave them to be enlightened by the great mass of trade unionists, who know that the workmen's compensation laws are of greater benefit to the lawyers than to the workers.

Above all, your scheme will be a touchstone by which we can judge the Government's sincerity in social reform. If it delays legislation, it must stand condemned.

Your plan will at least show the public who are really on the side of reform.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILSON JAMESON, Chief Medical Officer, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR,—Unfortunately, some people forget that unpleasant facts continue to exist even if we shut our minds to them.

Venereal disease not only exists. It is increasing.

Certainly we shall not be able to combat it by tabooing the very mention of it in polite society. Or even by talking of it apologetically as "social disease" in the genteel manner of Victorian damsels who referred to legs as "limbs."

We must discuss the problem with candour.

Since war began, venereal disease has increased by nearly 50 per cent. among civilians. When the Services are included, the rise is something like 70 per cent.

Well, we must warn young people of its dangers.

I have seen, in hospitals, men and women suffering from terrible and painful disabilities because of syphilis. I have seen babies who will go through life blind or deformed or mentally deficient because of it. I know that the effects of gonorrhœa are hardly less horrible.

But it is also true that modern chemical drugs point the way to complete recovery.

So we must make it clear that treatment at an early stage, persevered with, will cure nearly 100 per cent. of sufferers from acquired venereal disease.

Facilities for such treatment, in conditions of absolute confidence, exist in every part of the country.

You have my support, therefore, in your campaign to remove the misguided secrecy that has so long obscured the extent and danger of the evil. After all, the first step towards any reform is to make the facts known.—JOHN BULL.

Air Marshal Sir BERTINE SUTTON, Air Member for Personnel

DEAR SIR,—Peter Hembry was a fine type of lad. The type that won the Battle of Britain, that is winning the Battle of Bombing.

A sergeant air gunner, he was mighty proud of his stripes. But, three months ago, he had an operation for appendicitis, and his eyesight became impaired.

So he had to be "grounded." And—just because he could no longer fly—he lost his stripes.

That was a bad knock for a fellow in his early twenties who had been in the R.A.F. for four years and idolised the Service.

A few days ago he came home on leave, quiet and sick of heart. One evening he went out—and did not return.

His body was found on the railway line.

Kindly, your people have buried him with military honours.

But it would have been kinder still to have let young Peter Hembry keep his stripes and thus have preserved his life.

Don't tell me that "establishment requirements" do not allow of more than a certain number of sergeants.

There can't be an overwhelming number of air crew lads who have to be grounded for medical reasons; it should not make your organisation top-heavy to let them retain the rank they earned in the air.

Men like Peter Hembry are too valuable to be "frozen out" by cold regulations.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—"It serves 'em right; they shouldn't be bombed." is obviously the Government's attitude towards the towns worst hit by air raids.

A more crazy and callous policy was never framed by any administration, so I am not surprised that you do not seek to defend it but prefer to keep quiet about it.

However, the bombed towns have something to say. Listen to Sheffield's city treasurer:

"It is unfair that Sheffield ratepayers should have to pay higher rates simply because the city is a target area."

After telling how the corporation has lost much rateable property through bombing, he adds bluntly:

"The Government has turned a deaf ear to the claims of many local authorities where losses have been sustained. These losses should be borne by the country as a whole, not left to be carried by a few."

I trust the facts he gives will penetrate your deafness. Last year, Sheffield spent £383,055 on war purposes. That is apart from public assistance, and apart from the £358,000 spent on A.R.P. since war began.

Such are the liabilities of but one city. It should not be necessary to remind you of the sacrifices made by other towns, while some rich and lucky districts have been allowed to escape.

Not for the first time, I say that the financial burden of bombing should be evenly spread.—JOHN BULL.

★ *Something like a Robinson Crusoe adventure, with a derelict ship for the island, crops up in this stirring yarn of British pluck, told as only this grand old mariner can*

Like the men in this boat, Timothy Baptist and crew were adrift 1,000 miles from land. (Inset) Commodore Purssey Phillips

Hungry U-boat Victims "Capture" a Ship!

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

THE ship was rolling down to Rio—or a port thereabouts. The wind was whistling shrill, and the big sea mountains were sliding along after each other in endless moving ranges capped with foam, under the leaden afternoon light.

Five hundred yards away, awash in the trough of two waves, a U-boat paused before firing a £2,000 torpedo. The German captain's hand tightened on the pistol-grip—and the torpedo glided away.

According to International Law, that ship should have been warned and emptied of men before being attacked. But, in war, with the Germans . . .

The torpedo struck, and, with a terrific explosion, almost tore the bows off the ship. She heeled over heavily.

From the bridge, the skipper, in gleaming oilskins, gave orders for the boats to be got away. A frightful operation, from that sloping deck, with waves like hills smashing up the sinking ship's side.

Big Explosion

In the third lifeboat was a twenty-one-year-old Penarth lad, with a name that might have come out of a Marryat sea story—Ship's Apprentice Timothy Baptist.

With a staggering plunge the ship turned slowly over and went under.

Young Baptist, his head rocking with the sound of the great explosion, looked around the tossing sea, on which huge masses of debris were still raining down, and slowly realised that he had obtained his first command.

For he was senior deck officer in the lifeboat, which also contained Donald Pinnington, an engineer, and eleven men.

For some time, under the lowering evening clouds, they circled about, hoping to pick up some survivors. Other boats were dimly seen on the same errand. The lifeboat was not successful.

One of the little stories of heroism of that fierce afternoon was enacted by the first mate's lifeboat.

The boat in which the skipper and a dozen others were pulling away upset. They managed to cling to the upturned keel.

For over two and a half hours the first mate's boat fought the sea, rowing desperately to get near enough to rescue the castaways. They did it.

After a hundred bitter disappointments and after a fight that half-killed them with exhaustion they did it!

Meanwhile, in the gathering darkness, Baptist and the engineer Pinnington were taking stock of the position. Land was 1,000 miles away. Carefully they worked out a course together, and set the boat's head that way.

It is an agonising decision, whether to make direct for land, or to row towards a steamer-track and gamble on being picked up.

Biscuits were rationed; two, twice a day. Water was rationed; half a beaker thrice a day.

Think of that next time you can't get the sort of b'scuits you fancy at the grocer's, or when the tea looks a bit weak round the week-end!

Encrusted with Salt

Tobacco was jealously hoarded, and shared out gallantly till it was gone. They chewed it; you don't smoke at times like that; chewed tobacco stops the pangs of hunger for a time.

Day followed night, and night followed day. Their beards grew, lips were encrusted with salt, their clothes began swiftly to rot with the sea-water and the sun.

Waves ran high around them, blotting out far views. Gulls trailed them, wondering if they would die.

The rain soaked them, and then the whining wind chilled them to the bone. Their hands calloused with rowing.

On the fifth day they saw a smear of smoke. A ship came swiftly towards them. They waved rags of shirts. Some even shouted—uselessly, of course.

The ship passed quite near, and then stood steadily on her course towards the far horizon.

They had not been seen!

Just a Kite!

Let me interrupt my tale. Captain Stathers, dockmaster at the Hartlepools, has suggested that every lifeboat and raft should compulsorily be equipped with an ordinary box-kite for occasions like this.

From forty years at sea I can tell you that, while it is often impossible to see a boat on the sea, a tiny seagull or a kite could be seen from many times further away, because it shows against the sky.

A kite would have saved Baptist's crew. But the ship passed and went out of sight. I cannot write of those men's agony. . . .

On the sixth day they sighted a ship—derelict. Perhaps it was the same ship which had passed them.

It had been torpedoed and abandoned, probably in the night. It was holed, and badly down by the stern; the crew might well have supposed it would have sunk. By one of the sea's queer tricks it still floated.

But it looked as if it might capsize under the weight of a man!

Baptist's bearded, sunk-cheeked, salt-caked crew stared at it.

"We'll go aboard, men," he said briefly. "There'll be food there likely."

They rowed round the ship, trying to climb up the dangling lines down which the other men had slid. The newcomers had little strength, but they managed it at last.

Baptist sent a man to the galley. He came up presently, his starved face glittering.

"There's chicken there, sir—tinned stuff—lime-juice—bread . . . all sorts!"

A ragged whisper of a cheer went up from the sloping deck of the derelict from the dried throats of the "lucky thirteen." There and then they had their first good meal for a week; yet with caution, for Baptist would not let them eat too much at first.

Afterwards Pinnington went below to look at the engines. He chipped and wrought with spanners and opened valves and tested. Then he came on deck.

"Those engines will repair," he announced. "We can raise steam and sail her home."

So Acting Skipper Baptist received a strange promotion!

For two days they slaved to get the engines running again. They had to shift fallen cargo to try to trim the ship, and they did it at risk of their lives. They had to make repairs in amazing ways.

It was a big ship they had boarded, and they found it a tremendous task to raise steam in her.

Cheated, after all

In the end they failed in that brave attempt to bring a vessel home with them. They were still very weak from their privations in the lifeboat. They were too weak to shovel the coal and tend the engines.

They might have done it in time, perhaps; but on the eighth day of their journeyings another ship passed near, saw the signals from the derelict, and took them off.

Young Baptist received the B.E.M. Pinnington, an Eastham man, got the O.B.E. The chief officer, whose boat put up that epic fight with the waves to rescue his skipper and the rest from the upturned boat, got the M.B.E.

These men value their awards, though no awards can fully recompense the courage and endurance they showed, and would show again unhesitant a hundred times in the course of duty.

But I believe I speak for them all when I say that they would think even more highly of a law whereby all ships' boats and rafts were equipped with kites, to signal their condition to passing ships.

That would be an act of service to all seamen at this time; and seamen, who serve Britain unflinchingly, deserve everything we can do to help them.

Second Mate's Farewell to His Ship

ORAN, Algerian port in the Mediterranean, is associated in most people's minds with the reluctant bombardment of French warships by the British Fleet.

But it was also the scene of a Jugoslav sailor's revenge.

Oh, yes. Jugoslavia has a navy.

It is a merchant navy, whose sailors, indomitable as their brothers in General Mihailovitch's guerilla army, sailed some forty-five ships to America when the Nazis marched into Belgrade.

The s.s. *Serafin Topic* was one ship which didn't get that far, although she had started ahead of the others.

She had been cunningly sabotaged by the Italians, and when the trouble was discovered she hurriedly put in to Oran for repairs.

★ ★ ★

Unfortunately for her crew, the port authorities were Vichy-minded, and produced a series of excuses which kept her in harbour until Hitler invaded Jugoslavia.

The French officials then boarded the ship, immobilised her, and interned the captain and crew.

About a month later they heard that the French were going to turn over their beloved *Serafin Topic* to the Italians.

The second mate, dancing mad, vowed he would get his revenge, and the very next night he succeeded in breaking out of his prison. Five Poles went with him.

Between them, they managed to "scrounge" a small sailing boat, which the second mate—let's call him Draga—navigated across 250 miles of the Mediterranean to Gibraltar.

He took his anger, not a whit cooled by the sea trip, to the British authorities. In no time he was on his way back to Oran—in a submarine!

The naval commander at Gibraltar had weighed his story carefully, and had seen a way of putting it to good use. He had, of course, to be very chary about the French Fleet, but an "Italian" vessel was a bird of a very different colour.

The submarine took up its station off the port of Oran, and for a whole week Draga alternated between hope and despair.

Every time a vessel came out of the harbour he jumped to the eyepiece of the periscope, only to shrug his shoulders in disgust.

★ ★ ★

Then, one day, his figure stiffened with excitement. He turned to the submarine commander with a gleam in his eye.

"There she goes!" he exclaimed.

The *Serafin Topic* was sneaking out of the harbour entrance, manned by an Italian crew.

The commander gave his orders, summoned Draga back to the eyepiece of the periscope to watch a torpedo streaking across the blue water of the Mediterranean.

A few moments later the *Serafin Topic* was no longer in enemy hands. She was on her way to Davy Jones' locker

And Draga?

They found him hiding in a corner of the submarine, with tears streaming down his face.

PATRICK SPENCER.

NOVEMBER 14, 1942

DON'T FORGET CHINA

★ Not merely sentiment and moral claims prompt this warning, overwhelming though they are. There is another and more urgent reason: China is a key position which, if quickly reinforced with sufficient planes, can unlock a short cut to the vitals of Japan

Says A. G. GARDINER

THE Solomons are a long way off, but the issue of the war is being shaped there no less than in Egypt, the Caucasus or the Atlantic.

What we are witnessing is a race for position.

Tojo needs the islands to consolidate his vast gains in the Pacific. With them he can neutralise Australia, cut off American supplies, and secure his left flank for his operations against India and in the Indian Ocean.

We need them as the spring board for the recovery of the East Indies, the reconquest of Burma and the Pacific.

WITH WAVELL IN ASSAM AND McARTHUR IN THE SOLOMONS WE HAVE THE JAWS OF A PINCER MOVEMENT WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY CRUSH THE ENEMY. BUT HOW SOON?

For speed is the essence of war, and nowhere is it more urgent than here. It is urgent because every day that the Japanese are allowed to strengthen their grip on this vast archipelago of the Pacific means immense material loss to us and gain to the enemy.

At one blow Tojo has robbed us of 90 per cent. of our rubber resources, not to speak of oil, tin and a score more of the essentials of war.

★ ★ ★

In this race for the control of the Solomons Japan got away with a flying start, but she is being overtaken.

And she is being overtaken because in the element of speed we have the whip-hand. She is more effectively on the spot, but we have superiority in the decisive weapon. That weapon is the air-arm.

Whether the war can be won by air superiority alone, as some maintain, is a question on which I offer no opinion. But the immense importance of that arm in blazing the path to victory on sea or land grows daily more emphatic.

TO WHATEVER THEATRE OF THE WAR WE TURN IT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF AIR POWER THAT IS THE ARRESTING FACT. IT HAS DOMINATED EVENTS IN RUSSIA, IN EGYPT, IN THE ATLANTIC.

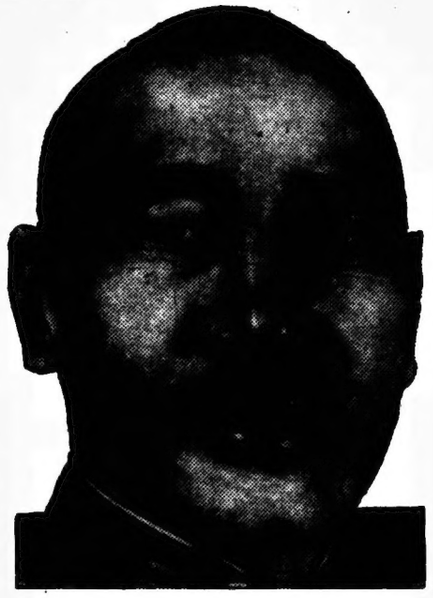
It has enabled us to carry the war instantly and devastatingly into the heart of Germany. It won the battles of the Coral Sea and Midway Island.

It has gone far to redress the naval balance in the Pacific. And it is the key to the successes in the Solomons.

Above all, it has been the spear-head of the thrilling rout of Rommel in Egypt.

That we have won the dominion of the air is no longer in doubt. We have won it conclusively and, short of miracles, we have won it finally. Every day that passes enhances our supremacy to such a degree that, when Spring comes, it should be a case of "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere."

But it is not enough to have superiority of weapons. It is the concentration of that superiority at the vital spot at the vital moment that is essential to victory.



Chiang Kai-shek, superb leader of a great people, could bring Tojo's legions scurrying home

And in a war which ranges over the whole earth, flaming out now on this continent or ocean, now on that, this concentration is not easy.

Hitler can do it in virtue of his interior lines. For us, while on the defensive and with our commitments throughout the globe, it was a vastly different thing.

BUT NOW THAT WE HAVE TURNED THE CORNER AND GONE OVER TO THE OFFENSIVE, IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT THE DISTRIBUTION OF OUR AIR POWER SHOULD BE DICTATED BY A STRATEGIC PLAN THAT SURVEYS THE WAR AS A WHOLE.

And it is in this connection that Mr. Wendel Willkie's demand for immediate and more effective help for China should be acted on without delay. The case for this is twofold.

The moral claims of China upon us are overwhelming. She was the first victim of aggression. She has fought longer and suffered more *in our war* than any nation. Yes, more even than Russia.

We boast, and boast justly, that we stood alone for two years when the war came to the West.

BUT CHINA STOOD ALONE FROM 1931, WHILE BRITAIN AND AMERICA LOOKED ON AND SUPPLIED HER DEVILISH ASSAILANT WITH THE MATERIALS FOR HER DESTRUCTION —AND OURS.

It was our desertion of her that wrecked the League of Nations and ordained all the horrors through which we have lived since.

Never forget that it was a British Foreign Minister who, questioned in Parliament at that time, unctuously declared that he was going to take care that his country did not get involved in the trouble.

Does history contain a parallel to that monumental ineptitude and its sequel?

And the story of the Burma Road, China's life-line, closed to her by us at the dictation of Japan, and now closed to her by our tragic failure to secure its defence. Yes, China's moral claim is one at which we should hang our heads in shame.

But there is another and more urgent claim. China is one of the key positions of the war.

She stretches for a thousand miles on Tojo's flank. She is the only one of our allies at war with Japan whose territory is within striking distance of the island power. She has millions of brave soldiers straining at the leash to strike.

But she has no arms with which to give effect to her will. She has only her majestic patience and her heroic resolution to perish utterly rather than yield.

GIVE HER ARMS AND THE WHOLE SHAPE OF THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC WOULD BE CHANGED IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE. IT WOULD BE ON TOJO'S OWN DOORSTEP. HE WOULD HAVE TO CALL HIS LEGIONS FROM AFAR TO MEET THE THREAT.

Instead, he is able to by-pass this mighty potentiality. He can leave it in cold storage. Just as Hitler's aim has been to neutralise Russia, to leave her gagged and manacled behind him, so Tojo's aim has been to neutralise China.

The difference is that Hitler has failed, while Tojo has succeeded. Hitler has failed, not because the Russians are braver than the Chinese, but because they were armed, while the Chinese were not.

And if we want a short cut to victory, if we want to make such use of these winter months that, when the Spring comes, we shall have the enemy by the throat in the Far East as well as in the West, then the arming of China is the supreme desideratum.

★ ★ ★

This brings me back to air power and the Solomons. We cannot, we must not wait until the Wavell-McArthur pincers close and the Burma Road is opened.

This will be done eventually, but it would be wishful thinking indeed to suppose that it will be done this winter by direct action. But it may be done by indirect action, by creating such a Chinese scare in Tokyo that Tojo will have to loosen his grip in the East Indies and fight on his flank and on his own hearthstone.

Till the Burma road is opened, or the alternative road from Assam to China is finished, it will be impossible to equip Chiang Kai-shek with big arms.

But the air will do the business. We have the 'planes. They are the most mobile of weapons.

IF WASHINGTON CAN TRANSFER A FORD FACTORY TO RUSSIA IT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE TO SEND SUCH A CLOUD OF BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS TO CHINA AND FROM THENCE TO JAPAN AS WILL FILL THAT NATION OF HYENAS WITH PANIC AND GIVE IT A TASTE OF THE HELL IT HAS INFLICTED ON THE CHINESE FOR SO MANY YEARS PAST.

WHEN THAT IS DONE THE BURMA ROAD WILL SOON BE OPEN AND CHINA WILL DO THE REST.

Nobody Fears Germany Now!

DO you remember the times when small, neutral countries lived in constant fear of Germany?

Those days are over. Nobody fears Germany now!

The last few weeks have brought several incidents which show the German prestige in a new light. Never before has it been so low.

★ ★ ★

Before the war and even two years ago, neutral Governments were anxious not to offend Germany.

In many countries a censorship was imposed to prevent papers, even inadvertently, making derogatory remarks about the Nazis.

People who spoke their mind about Hitler were brought before the courts and indicted for insulting "the head of a State."

Even in big countries the authorities tried to avoid anything that might have given Hitler a pretence to send his armed thugs across the frontier.

How Hitler revelled in his supreme position! How he exploited the fear of war, the myth of the strength and invincibility of his armies!

Recklessly he blackmailed half of Europe into political and trade agreements which were accepted only to avoid his wrath.

Look at the position to-day!

The *Voelkischer Beobachter*, Hitler's own paper, still raves and threatens neutrals, semi-Allies, and subject people who refuse to submit to every Nazi wish.

"Retribution will overtake those, whether they are single people, whole nations, or sections of society, if they stand aside!

"They will receive condign treatment if their attitude is prolonging the war."

But the threat evaporates into thin air. No one worries about what the Nazi blusterers shout.

Read, for instance, the Press of Switzerland, that great little country which is a neutral island in the vast Axis territory across the Continent.

"No intimidation can prevent the Swiss Press from fulfilling its duty!" writes a Swiss paper in reply to Nazi threats.

And that duty, as the Swiss Press sees it, is, of course, to print the truth, the very unflattering truth about Germany.

★ ★ ★

Hitler's propagandists had been ordered to launch a campaign of intimidation against Switzerland: "Editors who insult Germany," roared a Nazi spokesman, "will be sent to the steppes and to Asia!"

But Swiss editors are not afraid: "Hitler will have to come and get us first!" is what they say.

It is the same in Sweden, which always pays tribute to her Norwegian brothers who defy Nazi oppression.

They disregard Nazi displeasure about the Swedish people's staunch anti-Nazi attitude.

In Turkey, German businessmen are now told where to get off.

Once they threatened armed Nazi intervention if their business propositions were not accepted. To-day, their threats strike no fear.

Turkey does not disregard desperate possibilities, but it has armed and guarded against them.

★ ★ ★

And those who still remain neutral are putting Nazi agents under lock and key.

Those who had reason to fear German aggression have fortified their frontiers and armed their people.

Neutral Governments see Germany locked in deadly struggle in the East. They see the Nazi Continent threatened by attack in the West, maybe by invasion from the South.

They watch the gallant resistance of the oppressed people, the helpless Nazi fury against indomitable patriots in Holland, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Greece.

They know that Hitler has been forced on the defensive.

These little countries hold their heads high again.

It is, perhaps, the surest sign of German decline.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

RGET CHINA

And the story of the Burma Road, China's life-line, closed to her by us at the dictation of Japan, and now closed to her by our tragic failure to secure its defence. Yes, China's moral claim is one at which we should hang our heads in shame.

But there is another and more urgent claim. China is one of the key positions of the war.

She stretches for a thousand miles on Tojo's flank. She is the only one of our allies at war with Japan whose territory is within striking distance of the island power. She has millions of brave soldiers straining at the leash to strike.

But she has no arms with which to give effect to her will. She has only her majestic patience and her heroic resolution to perish utterly rather than yield.

GIVE HER ARMS AND THE WHOLE SHAPE OF THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC WOULD BE CHANGED IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE. IT WOULD BE ON TOJO'S OWN DOORSTEP. HE WOULD HAVE TO CALL HIS LEGIONS FROM AFAR TO MEET THE THREAT.

Instead, he is able to by-pass this mighty potentiality. He can leave it in cold storage. Just as Hitler's aim has been to neutralise Russia, to leave her gagged and manacled behind him, so Tojo's aim has been to neutralise China.

The difference is that Hitler has failed, while Tojo has succeeded. Hitler has failed, not because the Russians are braver than the Chinese, but because they were armed, while the Chinese were not.

And if we want a short cut to victory, if we want to make such use of these winter months that, when the Spring comes, we shall have the enemy by the throat in the Far East as well as in the West, then the arming of China is the supreme desideratum.

★ ★ ★

This brings me back to air power and the Solomons. We cannot, we must not wait until the Wavell-McArthur pincers close and the Burma Road is opened.

This will be done eventually, but it would be wishful thinking indeed to suppose that it will be done this winter by direct action. But it may be done by indirect action, by creating such a Chinese scare in Tokyo that Tojo will have to loosen his grip in the East Indies and fight on his flank and on his own hearthstone.

Till the Burma road is opened, or the alternative road from Assam to China is finished, it will be impossible to equip Chiang Kai-shek with big arms.

But the air will do the business. We have the 'planes. They are the most mobile of weapons.

IF WASHINGTON CAN TRANSFER A FORD FACTORY TO RUSSIA IT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE TO SEND SUCH A CLOUD OF BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS TO CHINA AND FROM THENCE TO JAPAN AS WILL FILL THAT NATION OF HYENAS WITH PANIC AND GIVE IT A TASTE OF THE HELL IT HAS INFLICTED ON THE CHINESE FOR SO MANY YEARS PAST.

WHEN THAT IS DONE THE BURMA ROAD WILL SOON BE OPEN AND CHINA WILL DO THE REST.

Nobody Fears Germany Now!

DO you remember the times when small, neutral countries lived in constant fear of Germany?

Those days are over. Nobody fears Germany now!

The last few weeks have brought several incidents which show the German prestige in a new light. Never before has it been so low.

★ ★ ★

Before the war and even two years ago, neutral Governments were anxious not to offend Germany.

In many countries a censorship was imposed to prevent papers, even inadvertently, making derogatory remarks about the Nazis.

People who spoke their mind about Hitler were brought before the courts and indicted for insulting "the head of a State."

Even in big countries the authorities tried to avoid anything that might have given Hitler a pretence to send his armed thugs across the frontier.

How Hitler revelled in his supreme position! How he exploited the fear of war, the myth of the strength and invincibility of his armies!

Recklessly he blackmailed half of Europe into political and trade agreements which were accepted only to avoid his wrath.

Look at the position to-day!

The *Voelkischer Beobachter*, Hitler's own paper, still raves and threatens neutrals, semi-Allies, and subject people who refuse to submit to every Nazi wish.

"Retribution will overtake those, whether they are single people, whole nations, or sections of society, if they stand aside!

"They will receive condign treatment if their attitude is prolonging the war."

But the threat evaporates into thin air. No one worries about what the Nazi blusterers shout.

Read, for instance, the Press of Switzerland, that great little country which is a neutral island in the vast Axis territory across the Continent.

"No intimidation can prevent the Swiss Press from fulfilling its duty!" writes a Swiss paper in reply to Nazi threats.

And that duty, as the Swiss Press sees it, is, of course, to print the truth, the very unflattering truth about Germany.

★ ★ ★

Hitler's propagandists had been ordered to launch a campaign of intimidation against Switzerland: "Editors who insult Germany," roared a Nazi spokesman, "will be sent to the steppes and to Asia!"

But Swiss editors are not afraid: "Hitler will have to come and get us first!" is what they say.

It is the same in Sweden, which always pays tribute to her Norwegian brothers who defy Nazi oppression.

They disregard Nazi displeasure about the Swedish people's staunch anti-Nazi attitude.

In Turkey, German businessmen are now told where to get off.

Once they threatened armed Nazi intervention if their business propositions were not accepted. Today, their threats strike no fear.

Turkey does not disregard desperate possibilities, but it has armed and guarded against them.

★ ★ ★

And those who still remain neutral are putting Nazi agents under lock and key.

Those who had reason to fear German aggression have fortified their frontiers and armed their people.

Neutral Governments see Germany locked in deadly struggle in the East. They see the Nazi Continent threatened by attack in the West, maybe by invasion from the South.

They watch the gallant resistance of the oppressed people, the helpless Nazi fury against indomitable patriots in Holland, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Greece.

They know that Hitler has been forced on the defensive.

These little countries hold their heads high again.

It is, perhaps, the surest sign of German decline.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

★ What happens when the Army commandeers farmlands and homesteads, even whole villages? It means, very often, the uprooting of generations of family achievement. That's the immutable law of war. But there's another side—how it's done: and the War Office invited MAURICE FAGENCE to see for himself

A Day With Men Who Buy Villages

Fields, lanes, footpaths that made up their world would become strange new "towns"

MOST requisitioning has been done in the Command area, where I spent a day with the people who do the job.

They belong to the Lands Branch, which is custodian of all lands and buildings required for military purposes.

I had pictured a red-faced colonel at a briar-arched gate: "Come along there! Get that stuff out! The war can't wait for you!"

There *was* a Colonel in charge for this particular Command, but he was not red-faced — not plethorically important-looking.

His pride was not in the fact that he found himself responsible for the payments on 41,000 properties —land and buildings.

Few Real Grumbles

It was in the fact that in not more than a few of those 41,000 cases did the other party think he was the victim of a hard deal.

And now for the day's work.

First we had to convey great news to a man we'll call Farmer Brown.

A few weeks ago he had been shocked to learn that a monster army camp had to be built on his land.

Army, county agricultural authorities, Farmer Brown and others had talked over matters in a spirit of perfect friendship.

And the farmer had manfully agreed that the only alternative was to build the thing on somebody else's farm.

At last a plan was submitted to him.

The camp was to be in the shape of a huge letter L with the farmhouse lying snugly in the angle of it.

Looking over it ruefully, he decided that not much room was left for farming.

So he sat up all night and prepared his own plan.

His map provided for a camp in the shape of a letter T. He rushed it along to the Lands Branch the next morning and asked them excitedly whether they didn't think it would give him much more crop-yielding land and much less inconvenience.

They did—and said so.

Had His Way

And today we were in a position to tell Farmer Brown that the general concerned agreed, and that he would have his way.

But *we* wanted good news, too.

Our American allies wished to take over a convent, and it was difficult to see how any alternative building could be found.

The colonel had already visited the place and carried out negotiations with the Mother Superior—a homely, sensible, pleasant-looking woman—through a grille!

She had taken the view that the needs of the country came before the personal conveniences of individuals, but said a decision would be given later.

Later meant today.

And the answer being "Yes," there were smiles all round.

We stopped at the gates of a big mansion.

It was functioning as an Army hospital. The owner, a peer, had handed it over for nothing.

The arrangement had given the colonel many sleepless nights because priceless Old Masters had been left hanging in one of the wards.

He had sent a message asking whether his lordship wouldn't prefer to have them moved, seeing that some delirious soldier might damage them.

A Grand Spirit

Back came the answer, *via* the agent to the estate:

"His lordship thinks that looking at things beautiful will help the men to recover, so the pictures stay."

"We've had the poorest of the poor talk to us like that," said the colonel, his eyes glistening.

"'Money for helping those boys?' they've said. 'How dare you suggest it!'"

He told me how, after Dunkirk, when our boys were pouring into the country and accommodation had to be extemporised, the Army had tremendous difficulty in getting people to make claims.

But not all people are like that, as we learnt when we visited one branch office.

"What have you got in the way of curious claims?" asked the colonel.

We learned that one man wanted compensation for his cow because a searchlight in the next field had "put her off the milk."

Another sought compensation for the shock administered to a mare by the firing of an anti-aircraft gun.

But nothing quite like the claim put in many months ago by a man who had a concrete pill-box put in the street outside his house.

Arguing that anybody climbing on the structure could see his family sitting on the lawn, he sought compensation for loss of amenities!

And now a question about the most difficult case in this particular district.

"Is Mrs. Blank still proving difficult?"

"I'm afraid she is!"

Back to 1880!

What *is* to be done about this dear but obstinate old woman?

Having been asked to put in a claim for her requisitioned house, she has produced a black-bound ledger.

In it she has noted down every penny spent on painting, papering, varnishing, repairing and a thousand other jobs connected with the place since it was built round about 1880.

She is not eccentric. She is not grasping. Many people have an exaggerated idea of the value of their own property—and here it is *in excelsis*!

The Army never pays—cannot pay—rent in advance.

That must sometimes mean that a "little" man whose property has been requisitioned may have to wait longer than he can afford.

But very rarely is rent the only money due to a claimant.

It pays for inventory, removal, storage of fittings, insurance on goods, relaying carpets, fittings, etc., changing name-plates, the oiling and greasing of stored machinery, and a hundred other things beside.

Money by Car

And the Army can—and does—help with those at once.

Agents have a right to make immediate payments up to £10 in case of hardship.

When really big sums are urgently required, they are sometimes got from the Command Paymaster at once by car.

No, these officers do not feel "important" when they have the painful job of uprooting people.

War, they know, is a hard business. Their constant aim is to minimise the hardships that national requirements are sometimes bound to inflict.

What they are allowed to do is laid down by Act of Parliament.

And that they are always prepared to interpret that Act sympathetically you will realise next week, when I tell you what happens when the generals go round with one supreme object in mind—turning Britain into a fortress.

PROFIT IS CHARGED ON WAR TAX!

YOU imagined, no doubt, that no profit could be charged on Purchase Tax?

So did I—and so, I expect, did most Members of Parliament after hearing assurances from Treasury spokesmen.

But it's happening.

On many things very essential for the home the shopkeeper's profit is based on the cost of the goods *after* the Purchase Tax has been added.

It is not necessarily the fault of the shopkeepers, because the position seems to have arisen, mainly, from sheer confusion in Whitehall.

The Treasury and the Board of Trade in their interpretation of the three Acts of Parliament involved have so hedged the situation with conflicting Orders and decisions that the whole spirit and intention of the Acts are, in many instances, obscured.

Soared Up

Result is that instead of increases being confined to 33⅓ per cent.—normal rate of the Purchase Tax—needed for revenue, and reasonable extra costs due to the war, prices have leapt up four and five times.

Take blankets—the cotton variety which most people of limited incomes have to buy.

Purchase Tax is 33⅓. In the shops the profit is fixed after the Purchase Tax has been added. Profit is, therefore, charged on the tax.

This means, for instance, that a certain make of these blankets which, in 1939, could be bought for 5s. 9d. per pair, now cost 16s. 11d. The retailer's profit before the war was 1s. 6d.; now it is 4s. 2d.!

Better-class cotton blankets, sold before the war at 10s. 6d. per pair, now cost 29s. 6d.

The retailer's profit has gone up from 2s. 7d. to 7s.

These are just two graphic instances of what is happening.

Prices of other essential things like furniture and household necessities such as towels and bedding have soared in the same way.

What M.P.s Approved

Roughly, it amounts to this: The cost of these goods in the shops has on an average gone up 166 per cent.

Did M.P.s realise that this would happen when they approved Purchase Tax at 33⅓ per cent. on wholesale prices ruling in 1940?

Did they realise, too, that within a few months of the introduction of the Tax the following increases on pre-war prices for essential articles would take place?

	Per cent.
Footwear	55/60
Men's Shirts	74
Men's Hats	54
Lingerie	58/91
Flannelette	87
Plain Rayon	100
Dress Fabrics	145/191
Furniture	134
Bedding	87
Radio Sets	70
Wringers	83
Galvanised Buckets	87
China cups and saucers	80
Men's Suits	60/80
Men's Underwear	60
Corsets	48
Fancy Rayon	78
Casements	88
Art Serge	188

Of course, utility clothes and footwear are now coming into the shops and, after agitation, the Treasury agreed to remove the Purchase Tax from these articles.

But there are still supplies of both which do not come under the utility classification—and the Treasury has flatly refused to remove the Tax from all the other many essential household necessities, even if utility lines are introduced as is intended with crockery.

Here are some more examples of how the Board of Trade Orders have allowed profits in the shops to bound up *after* the imposition of Purchase Tax:—

	Retailer's Profit. 1939.	*To-day.*
	s. d.	*s. d.*
Pillow	1 8	4 9½
Bolster	4 6	9 9½
Hand Towel	3	8
Bath Towel	6	11½

Naturally it is accepted that inevitable increases in the cost of manufacture, transport and so on means that most things have to cost more in war time.

It was, however, clearly stressed that the Purchase Tax could only be passed on to the public at the rate fixed—generally 33⅓ per cent.

Sir Wyndham Childs Comments

It must be remembered, too, that shopkeepers have heavier expenses and must have a reasonable profit to meet them, but none of that profit should be based on the Purchase Tax.

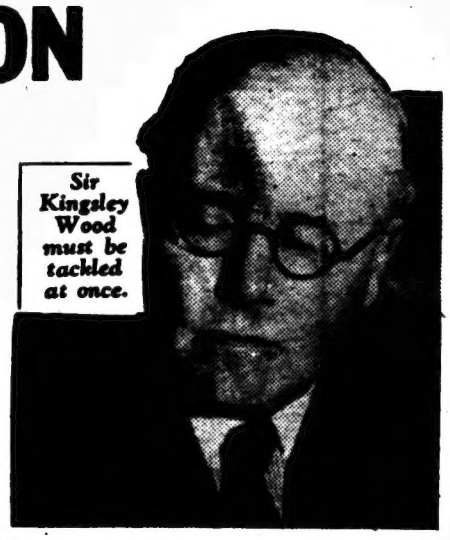
I don't intend to trail you through the complexities of the Acts of Parliament concerned, but, as simply as possible, this is what has happened:

In 1939, Prices of Goods Act limited shopkeepers' profit to what it had been in August of that year—and that was the actual amount (6d., 1s., or whatever it was).

Then came the Purchase Tax with all the assurances I have referred to.

Finally, came the Goods and Services (Prices Control) Act last year.

It is chiefly from this last Act that the trouble has arisen



Sir Kingsley Wood must be tackled at once.

It gave the Board of Trade power to "direct that the prices shall be computed in such manner and by reference to such matters as may be provided for by the Order."

It was in the exercise of this power that the Board of Trade appears to have ignored the assurances given to Parliament that profit would not be added to the Purchase Tax.

I hope that M.P.s will take up the whole matter at once and insist on the Tax being collected as they fixed it, and that no one has power to increase it by adding a profit.

Make it Clear

They might well ask what is the use of the Government spending £100,000,000 to keep down food prices when much of the benefit to the public can be offset by heavy increases in the prices of things which are really essential in the home.

They might also, at the same time, seriously consider whether there is not a good case of abolishing the Purchase Tax entirely on goods which people really cannot do without (except in dire circumstances).

Any fear that unnecessary buying of these articles might cause inflation is automatically checked by the fact that their manufacture is, in most cases, now covered by a very rigid quota.

£1 1s. IN ADVANCE —FOR WHAT?

IF you received a letter, on nicely printed notepaper with a heading consisting of 36 words elaborately embossed, and from a concern called the "Anglo Union of Accountants, Auditors and Secretaries Limited by Guarantee," you'd be rather impressed, wouldn't you?

This Union advertises, from an address in Charles Street, Newport, Mon, that membership is open for practitioners, clerks, managers, etc. Applicants for particulars receive a prompt much-to-the-point letter asking for £1 1s.

★ ★ ★

This is called the "Application Fee," and upon receipt of it you will be sent the "necessary forms" for completion. All the rest of the letter tells you is that "Membership Fee" is £1 11s. 6d. for an "Associate" and £2 2s., yearly, for a "Fellow."

Well, this was a bit too swift for one of my readers who, before sending the guinea, asked to see the necessary forms and requested a little information as to the constitution of the concern.

He received a short, not so much-to-the-point reply, which merely told him that the "constitution is similar to bodies generally," and that "in War Time it is very difficult work and forms can only be sent out where the Application Fee of 21s. is forwarded first."

★ ★ ★

Actually, this "Union" is an offspring of the "English Association of Accountants, Auditors and Secretaries," also of Newport, whose General Secretary, one L. M. Harris, signs the correspondence.

Both have one thing in common:

They are quite unrecognised in legitimate trade and professional circles and so their membership diplomas just carry no weight at all.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. Johnson, Scarisbrick New Road, Southport, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are welcomed about any matter needing investigation or comment. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93-4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

DOES WHITEHALL WASTE PAPER?

● An efficient Salvage Campaign would seize at least half the forms now used in Whitehall before they were filled up. The saving in man-power would be tremendous; victory would be achieved earlier by months.

"My Department is compiling reference books from extracts from various official forms," writes a Civil Servant. "But I do not expect anyone will ever want to consult the register when—if ever!—it is published."

Readers inundate me with letters enclosing several forms sent them when one, properly drawn out, might do.

Usually, when a Minister writes to a paper asking for proof of a critical statement, it arrives so late that the documents on which the criticism was based have been thrown away.

WHY IS BRIBERY GROWING?

● War brings out both the best and the worst in people.

As restrictions, of necessity, grow, there is more inducement to get round them by the selfish and the greedy. In such a time, they put monetary temptation in the way of officials whose incomes have fallen because of taxation. War lessens the moral control of many people.

The public advertisement of offenders—the printing of their names and photographs outside their residences and places of business—would be, to my mind, the most efficient deterrent.

If the word "Traitor" were used at the top of the posters, fear of such a condemnation might lessen bribery and graft almost immediately.

COULD THE HOME GUARD BE USED MORE?

● Although there is a growing feeling that the Home Guard should be used on a large scale to man searchlight and anti-aircraft units, there is one outstanding argument against it.

This is that the Home Guard, unlike the Regular Army, is continually losing trained men who are replaced by recruits. These recruits must devote all their parade time to training up to the latest standards of war; and a large proportion of the old-stagers are now busy training new men.

It is therefore a mistake to assume that there is, at least in most areas, a huge number of highly trained Home Guard kicking their heels in useless routine parades.

ARE SUNDAY SHOWS WICKED?

● The British idea of Sunday is based on the Mosaic conception—that the world was made in six days, after which God had to rest. That is the Sabbath of the Jews.

The Sunday of the Christians was instituted, in the early days of the disciples, as a joy-day in honour of the Resurrection. It was not a day of gloom, but a festival.

That statement was supported—but not till after Sunday opening of theatres had been killed!—by Dr. Lang, then Archbishop of Canterbury. Had he said so earlier, the Government's desire for Sunday opening might now be law.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," Jesus is reported to have said.

Despite that, professional Sabbatarians intimidate and threaten every attempt to raise money for war charities by Sunday performances—this although the artists could not appear on any other day by reason of their employment.

Virtue consists in being good on seven days in the week—not in a belief that the Creator of the universe is more interested in piety on one day than any other.

HUMAN MACHINE

IT BALANCES

On the whole, Life balances up. We often don't think so, but that is because we so frequently allow emotion to overweigh reason.

There is a law of Compensation at work that affects us all. We should do well sometimes to think about it, look for its manifestations.

For instance, the difference between Youth and Age. Youth is rash, impetuous, thoughtless. Youth suffers disappointments by the score.

But Youth has a resilience that soon forgets, and the trials and disappointments are more than compensated for by the progress it makes with its adventurous rashness.

Age loses this rashness and this impetuosity. It learns to think. It may move more slowly than Youth, but since it ceases to expect, it also ceases to be disappointed.

Compensation again. What age loses in adventure it gains in calmness of spirit and serenity of soul.

You can, if you will, put it in another way. Everything has two sides, two aspects. Everything can be either good or evil.

It depends on us. We, as always, have free choice what use we shall make of the circumstances that surround and beset us.

But let us take care. As we choose, so shall the result be.

If we conquer a weakness, we gain strength. If we are beaten by ourselves we lose efficiency. One or the other—good or ill—there is no escape.

Fortunately, we can audit our own accounts with Life. If the balance is not in our favour it is our fault, no one else's.

THE SHILLING WITH TWO HEADS

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY
By WILL SCOTT

IT was a fine old row. It had gone on for hours.

The fact was, of course, that it had gone on for years, and this was only the latest instalment. It certainly was a fine old row.

"And there's another thing——" said George.

"There always is," said Mary. "When are you coming to the last thing?"

"And there's another thing," persisted George. "My socks!"

"Your socks?"

"My socks. Never darned! I don't say sometimes not; I say never."

"The times I've——"

"And there's another thing."

"Oh!"

"Instead of admitting it, you always trot out some damn silly excuse. If you'd admit it only once it would be something. But never. Not one solitary time. For thirty years I've had to remind you that you've forgotten to darn my socks. For thirty solid years!"

"You ought to have married an angel," said Mary.

"Never had the opportunity!" snapped George.

Mary put down a plate so heavily that it broke into a dozen pieces.

"Crockery always broken!" George mumbled. "Not fit for a dog to eat off."

George put on his hat, walked to the door, came back, took off his hat, thumped the table.

"Breakfast always late. Always!"

"If you think——"

"And there's another thing——"

"If I hear that once more——"

"My supper is never ready when I come in at night."

"I'm not a servant."

"Fact you're not! And there's another thing——"

Mary screamed. Only a little scream, but she screamed.

"There's never a fire a flea could warm himself in front of when I get in at night. Jolly good fire for yourself all day, I *don't* doubt, but never a good fire for me. Oh, no!"

And George went out, too.

Mary sat in the kitchen, her head in her hands, looking back. Looking back thirty years. Thirty years of *that*. . . .

It had started all right, but what a finish it had come to!

Thirty years. . . .

And at the beginning of the thirty years was a holiday at Yarmouth. Even now, after all this time, that holiday at Yarmouth was a good deal clearer than yesterday morning.

That holiday at Yarmouth, and that charabanc ride to the Broads. That afternoon.

Harold and George. . . .

Of course everybody had always expected it would be Harold. Harold had expected it. Mary herself had expected it. It was more or less fixed up.

But that afternoon, in the charabanc, she had sat next to George, quite by accident, and when they got back that evening it was all different; all settled.

And she had married George. And thirty years had gone by . . . like *this*.

She had never seen Harold since. George saw him sometimes, just now and again. But he brought no real news of him. Not likely that he would. Not when he knew she wanted news.

George got his ticket and went down the escalator. The train came in and he got on it. He sat down, frowning at everybody in his sight. The train went on.

Presently he found himself frowning at one particular face. He knew the face, and his eyebrows went up a bit. At the next station he spoke.

"Morning, Harold."

"Morning, George," said Harold.

George watched Harold as the train went along. And Harold, thought George, was looking a miserable sight.

AT Mansion House they both got out, walked along the platform together, went up in the lift together.

"Almost a stranger," said George.

"Seven or eight years, isn't it?" said Harold.

"Must be," said George. And as they came out into daylight: "Not looking too well."

"Who would, the life I lead!" grumbled Harold.

"Oh?"

"Hell of a life!"

"Is it, now?"

"Sick and tired of it!"

"Go on?"

Harold pulled up at a corner, looking at nothing in particular, but certainly not at George.

"You've got a right to laugh, I suppose," he said.

"Who's laughing?" demanded George.

"You got her," said Harold.

It was a fine old row. It had gone on for hours. The fact was, of course, that it had gone on for years, and this was only the latest instalment

"Ah!" said George.

"Me—— I got nothing," said Harold. "Nothing! Oh, well, I'm not grumbling. I lost, that's all. Somebody's got to lose."

Then suddenly he gripped George's lapel.

"George!" he exclaimed, "it's hell—it really is."

"Tell me," said George, sorry for him in spite of all.

"Living in digs all these years. Who cares? Not a soul. My socks never darned."

"Ah!" said George.

"Complain year in and year out, but they're never darned. And there's another thing——"

George took a deep breath.

"Breakfast late every morning, so that I miss the train and there's a row at the office. Supper never ready when I get in at night."

"Er——" said George.

"And the way the meals are served when they *are* served," Harold went on. "Chips off this and chips off that. A dog wouldn't eat off the dishes I have to eat off."

"Er——" said George.

"And the fires! I get in at night and I can't see the fires they leave for me. Not without a magnifying glass. And if I want to hear anything special on the wireless it's always too loud for 'em. I turn it down till I can't hear, but it's always too loud. I tell you, old man, it's hell! Thirty years of digs."

"Oh well," said George, "think of the money you save."

"Money I save?" gasped Harold. "Do you know what it costs to live in digs?" He fumbled in his pocket and brought out some small change. "It's only Thursday, and look what I've got left. One and threepence ha'penny!"

George fumbled, too, and brought out small change.

"Elevenpence, me," he said.

And he slipped his arm through Harold's.

"Boy," he said, "we're going to have one. Come on."

Napoleon Never Said—"Sorry!"

IF ever there is born on this earth a man who never makes a mistake he will spend some time before his death in a special kind of zoo and all the years after in a museum.

We all make mistakes. Big mistakes and little mistakes. Mistakes about spending a fortune. Mistakes about planting our tomatoes before May is out.

* * *

We make mistakes about people. . .
And most of us admit our mistakes.
"Sorry—my mistake!"

How often have we said that. Most of us.

And saying just those three little words has many a time saved a friendship or prevented a family row.

Sticking it out to the end might have lost us a friend for ever or started a round of discord that might have left us not on speaking terms with the wife for a week.

Might have lost us a good neighbour. Might have lost us a job—or a faithful employee.

But we haven't stuck it out to the end. Knowing ourselves to be wrong, we have admitted it.

And a smile has followed a frown and everything has gone on swimmingly. And of one thing we are reasonably sure; that most of us, most of the time, want everything to go on swimmingly.

Yes, most of us admit our mistakes. Most of us. . .

Not, unhappily for this troubled world, all of us.

You do. I do. The fellow who drives the bus does. The woman next door does. The typist does. The man who mends your shoes does.

Millions of people like that.

But we're nobody.

It's the people who are *somebody* who make me worry at nights.

The Cæsars. The High and the Mighty. The Big Ones up at the Top. Do they ever admit they've been in the wrong?

Did Napoleon, when they tucked him away on Elba, admit that all his life he had been mistaken, that he had taken the wrong turning, that the thousands of men who had died for him and his ideas had died for nothing?

Not a bit of it!

He admitted no such thing. In fact he got out of Elba and had another go. And when he was tucked away on St. Helena he still didn't admit it. He just sat there hoping to have a third go.

But if instead the great Napoleon had had *our* tiny courage; if he had admitted that the game wasn't worth the candle; that he had been *wrong*.

* * *

If only Hitler, in 1938, had said *that*. And torn up his past and started again.

If only the Big Ones, who are wrong now and again like all of us, would *see* it, as we do. Admit it.

If only the Big Ones were just a bit *smaller*. Small enough to see they can be wrong and start again from scratch.

Perhaps the next Big One will be.

If so he'll be the biggest of them all.

A. G.

Humanist Is Asked:

SHOULD FAMILIES BE STARTED IN WAR TIME?

"I feel sorry for an only child"

WHEN the World War restarted in 1939 scores of young people wrote to ask if it was advisable for them to marry or wait until the end of hostilities.

That question rarely occurs now, but I have recently had a number of letters asking whether it is right to "start a family" in war time.

Here are one or two typical extracts:

"I am not a believer in the big families of Victorian days," *writes a man,* "but if I had to choose between a large family and an only child I should choose the large family every time.

"Among my friends are many young couples with only one child apiece, and they all agree that it is almost impossible to bring up an only child properly.

"But, they say, they won't have any more until after the war."

I feel sorry for an only child. He is often either repressed or spoilt. But when there are two children with too wide a gap between their ages there is not much real companionship.

The elder is inclined to "boss" the younger and generally resents his coming, especially if the elder one's nose is put out of joint.

When the interval is two or three years they get on much better together.

BEFORE I say more, let me quote from another letter:

"I happen to be one of a family of seven," *writes a young mother,* "and our childhood was very happy. No doubt it was a struggle for my father and mother.

"But we were happy. There were no problem children in the whole bunch.

"We learnt to live together, to give-and-take, to play fair. If any one tried to swank the other six cured him.

"Now, about my problem. I have two children of my own, born a little before the war, and I very much want another.

"Some people say that three is the ideal number—two to fight and one to part. But my husband objects and thinks we ought to wait till after the war.

"I agreed with him at first, because I imagined that it would be over in a couple of years. We are now in the fourth year. I am beginning to agitate."

Somehow, I have a suspicion that this young woman will have her own way, whatever I say. But, as it happens, I do agree with her.

I assume she has a cradle, a pram, and lots of baby clothes; and the coming of a third child would be much less of an upheaval than the arrival of a first.

To want children is natural, and it is always dangerous to deny human instincts. But there are real difficulties about the young couples who are doing war work of importance.

Some of them are living in rooms or small flats, or perhaps sharing the home of the parents. Thousands of girls in the Services feel it their duty to carry on to the end.

I should like to hear from some of the young married women whose minds are divided between the rival claims of Service and motherhood.

I should also like to hear from some "only children," to learn what they think of minimum families.

NOW for a letter which has come from a girl of fourteen:

"Is it one of the results of the war," *she asks,* "that young people are expected to grow up so quickly now?

"All the youth organisations seem to try to make us responsible citizens, and I think these aids to growing up are being carried a bit too far.

"Everybody does not have to shoulder their responsibilities before they grow up, but for those of us who have to, isn't there some way in which we can enjoy our youth during our spare time?

"So often I long to feel really childish again. I belong to several youth clubs, but they seem to give little change from the ordinary routine of premature age. If only I could find my youth for just a few hours a week! I am only fourteen."

It is rather a pathetic letter, isn't it? The majority of young people are too anxious to be grown-up before their time.

I don't understand what the youth organisations are doing in her district. It seems to me that they have got into the wrong hands.

These organisations are supposed to provide relaxation and "fun" as well as serious work. If a bow is always kept taut it loses its elasticity.

★ Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

THE BATTLE OF RUBBER

(By an Industrial Correspondent.)

I HAVE been allowed to peep behind the rubber scenes in Great Britain.

I have seen tyres made with 50 per cent. less rubber than formerly.

I have seen "rubber" pedals for tanks which I was assured contained no rubber at all.

I have seen sleek "rubber" covered cables with not an ounce of rubber in their make-up. And don't ask me what present-day bicycle tyres are made with.

I thought what a grand job of work our "back-room" boys are doing.

But I also learned that for certain jobs crude rubber, or reclaimed rubber, was essential in the present stage of substitute development.

Motor vehicle tyres for our armoured vehicles, commercial vehicles, army trucks, and essential transport vehicles must have a certain amount of crude or reclaimed rubber.

Where is this rubber to come from?

For months Flying Squads of Ministry of Works and Buildings' lorries have been scouring the country for old tyres, tubes, hose, door-stops, hot-water bottles, and mats, and the hundred-and-one articles which can be spared from factory, workshop, home, garage, and garden.

But these supplies are not enough to keep our armies in the field and our transport on the road until the time when America's great new synthetic industry begins to pour thousands of tons of synthetic rubber into the United Nations' war effort next year.

We must have more rubber now.

And it is suspected that many thousands of people imagine that that old tyre and that perished bit of hose don't matter.

But they do, and matter very much. They are, in fact, vital.

It also seems obvious to me that something even more must be done.

There are about 1,000,000 laid-up cars. Each car has five tyres in various stages of wear. Put these tyres merely at second-hand condition, and you have another 15,000,000,000 to 20,000,000,000 tyre miles, or their equivalent, lying idle.

These tyres or the rubber from them could keep Britain's transport moving during the crisis which we are now facing.

HERE'S a new one for the football fans—something they've never seen in any game they have argued about over here.

It's vouched for by Pte. J. Critchley, serving with Signals in the Egyptian desert, in a letter to his uncle at Chatsworth Road, Rainhill, Lancs:

Half-way through the game it got a bit dusty and windy. One of our men playing full-back headed the ball, and at that moment a gust of wind caught it and sent it sailing into the heavens. Then followed the usual sandstorm and the game was abandoned.

Later, when the players got back to their dug-outs, someone spotted the ball, which was still in the air and being tossed about in a whirlwind.

Our full-back will now boast to his sons of how he headed a ball which stayed in the air for over twenty minutes. I can hear him telling the story when the youngsters ask: "And what did you do in the World War, daddy?"

NICE WORK

"A bit of excitement" about which Gnr. G. A. W. Smith, Royal Artillery, writes to his mother at Bourne Vale, Hayes, Kent, goes back a little way in the war:

Six Italian destroyers had sneaked out of Massawa harbour and were last seen heading towards Port Sudan.

So that night not a glimmer of light was permitted to show in the town, as it was expected that the Italians intended to shell the place.

But nothing happened. Day dawned, but no shells had broken the quiet of night.

Then, about breakfast-time, I heard wave after wave of our bombers going out, and for a long time heavy explosions could be heard out at sea.

Meanwhile, our bombers kept coming back to load up before setting off over the sea again.

It seems that the R.A.F. had found the six destroyers, and proceeded to lay "eggs" all round them. One by one the destroyers were sunk, and the last of them was disposed of when it had got half-way up the Red Sea.

One of our ships managed to pick up ninety of the Italian survivors, and they were in a sorry state when they landed here. They were wearing shorts and shirts which our sailors had loaned them.

LOCH AFRICAN MONSTERS

You don't hear much about the Loch Ness monsters these days, but Sergt F. Welch, Nigerian Regiment, serving with the West Africa Forces, says he has found some. Writing to his parents at Newburgh Crescent, Warwick, he says:

Went swimming in the river, but found myself surrounded by giant snakes who had chosen the same time for a swim. Talk about Loch Ness monsters, you should see ours!

We are tough. If we sleep out in the Bush all night, we lie on the ground with snakes, ants, monkeys and many other garden pests to keep us company.

Yesterday, believe it or not, I was shown at a near-by native village a drum made out of the skin of a German "missionary."

He had apparently annoyed the local people to such an extent that they ate him.

Even then he continued to annoy them, because they suffered from indigestion. In revenge, they now play a tune on his skin which has been made into a drum.

SHOT THEIR COMRADES

Trooper W. Miller, Royal Armoured Corps, writing to his brother at Albert Road, Leyton, London, E., reveals how German fliers seem to think nothing of firing on their own comrades who have been captured:

We were bringing in a mixed bag of prisoners, in lorries, and had stopped for a bite of lunch, when an M.E. suddenly appeared overhead and swooped down to about thirty feet, letting fly with his guns.

The Jerry prisoners started to cheer, but when the machine-guns started to rattle you should have seen them scatter.

When the plane had passed we picked up the casualties. There was one Italian killed, three Italians and four Germans severely wounded, and two of our men with slight injuries.

NO GANGSTERS NOW!

And a glimpse of Chicago that's different from what we used to see in the gangster films. It is sent by Sgt. Pilot D. Green, R.A.F., to his mother at Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex:

On our way through the States we stopped at Chicago and were taken on a conducted tour.

Our guide, a young man with a massive paunch, horn-rimmed spectacles and a large cigar, was very friendly and insisted on us calling him "Al."

Rounding a bend in the road "Al" told us, confidentially, that if we looked to the left we would soon see the famous statue of Lincoln. We looked, and saw not only Lincoln looking as dignified as ever, but also a courting couple sitting on the great man's right boot.

We accused "Al" of arranging this little tableau. He said it was a good idea, but he really hadn't thought of it.

☆ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length — and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HAPPY EVENING

A jungle snapshot sent to his wife by Driver P. Bodhill, Royal Armoured Corps, from India:

Last night, near a village in the jungle, we were attracted by the sound of tom-toms, weird pipe music, and wild shouting.

Always in favour of a free show, we approached quietly, as you never know how these wallahs will behave to unexpected visitors.

Then in the clearing we saw many natives throwing themselves about on the ground, tying themselves in knots, and shouting like mad.

The women were dancing round in circles, chanting a song of which we did not know the words or music.

Well, they welcomed us to the party, and brought out a special carpet for us to sit on.

Before midnight we were playing the tom-toms for them!

DASH FOR FREEDOM

His friends at Little Hulton, near Bolton, have heard from Driver A. Darlington, Royal Engineers, about an adventure in one of the earlier battles of the desert:

I won't go into details, but as a result of sheer bad luck we were taken prisoner by Jerry and handed over to the Italians.

It was plain hell with the "Ities." They gave us neither food nor water.

Meanwhile, Jerry had opened up a gap in the minefield known as the "Devil's Cauldron," and as we did not like Italian hospitality three of us made a break for it.

. . . We had broken into a minefield, when our artillery opened up with 25-pounders, so that we were forced to lie in a shell-hole for four hours.

Then during a lull we pushed on and reached the edge of the minefield. By this time we were almost exhausted, thirsty, and not too hopeful about finding our lines.

But we had luck when German bombers came over and strafed a British position about eight miles N.E. of where we were lying, thus giving us the direction of our lines.

So we set off again, feeling more cheerful, in spite of the fact that we had been without food or water for four days.

Happily one of our trucks spotted us, picked us up and took us back to our lines, where we were given water and brandy, put into an ambulance and taken to hospital.

We were soon back on the job again.

"WE'VE NO NEED TO APOLOGISE"

Take a Look at Our Dungaree Army

By A. W. HELLIWELL

UNCLE SAM is doing a grand job, and I'm full of admiration.

But, just for a few minutes, I want to concentrate the limelight on Britain's dungaree-clad army—the British workman and his wife, the men and women in the front line of the Home Front, *the many to whom the few owe so much.*

They are doing a grand job, too—and it's time the world heard about it.

We've a right to be proud of our industrial effort. We've a right to be proud of the British working man. For years he was neglected.

Now he is back at work again, back at the bench, down the mine and in the shipyard; and, by heavens! he and the missus, in overalls at his side, are giving a lead to the whole world.

Statistics—unromantic, cold, but irrefutable—prove it. In proportion to its size Britain's war effort is greater than any other nation's. Man for man, the British workman is still the best in the world.

With a population of only 47,000,000 compared with Germany's 80,000,000, we are already building as many 'planes every week.

There isn't a nation in the world to compete with us at making ammunition.

We are producing shells for big guns at the rate of 25,000,000 a year, bullets for rifles, machine-guns and other small arms at the rate of 2,000,000,000 a year.

Before I swamp you beneath the rest of the statistics let me tell you something of the romance and drama that lies behind them.

It isn't merely inventive genius that makes it possible to build giant Lancaster bombers three times as fast as we once could, or guns and tanks four and five times as rapidly.

All the efforts of the scientists and technicians would be wasted if the men and women at the benches, lathes and furnaces did not back them up.

Women are playing a magnificent part in all kinds of jobs

They'll Be Ready

Here, for instance, is a story from a certain airplane factory in the West of England:

Not long ago they had a sudden and unexpected demand for a certain component.

The man who was making these particular parts was already working at high pressure, but when he heard how urgent the need was he said quietly: "Leave it to me. I'll have them ready by Saturday night."

For the rest of the week he did not move from his bench except to eat and sleep. By Saturday he had worked ninety-four hours—nearly two weeks' work in one—and he was almost asleep on his feet, but the job was done.

To another factory came an urgent "hush-hush" request for 600 sets of equipment.

Again the workers responded magnificently. Every man and woman in the factory voluntarily gave up all half-days and holidays for a month. At the end of that time they had 715 sets ready for delivery.

Even greater wonders are being performed in our shipyards.

I shall never forget going to Jarrow during the depression, when grass and weeds carpeted the deserted slipways.

Now those yards are ringing with a song of steel again.

The finest shipbuilders in the world work along the grey Tyne and the murky Clyde.

They have not equalled Henry Kaiser's spectacular feats, but you must remember that here we are handicapped by a black-out which restricts work to an average of twelve hours a day.

Kaiser's yards carry on under a blaze of arc lights through the night.

Here, too, we are handicapped by a labour shortage—there are 100,000 fewer shipyard workers than in the last war—while Kaiser has limitless man-power on which to draw.

Yet, in spite of these difficulties, we have built and launched a 10,000-ton ship in forty-eight working days.

Grey-Haired Veterans

Moreover, with fewer men, less yards and less time, we turned out a greater tonnage last year than in the peak year of the last war.

Sweat and toil have wrought these miracles.

Many of the men who have contributed to them are grey-haired veterans in the fifties and sixties.

Yet they, too, like the younger workers in the factories, have formed themselves into "Shock Brigades," competing, shift against shift, to boost production.

These "Shock Brigades" are something new in industry—the commandos of the Home Front, tough, keen fighters ready to tackle any job.

Theirs is an unspectacular type of heroism that does not find its way into the headlines.

They have no uniform. No medals. No glory. Much of the splendid work they are doing must, for security reasons, remain secret.

Already there are 400 of these "Shock Brigades" in our war factories. More are being formed every day.

Some of them adopt picturesque names. There are the "Dunkirk Avengers," the "Hong Kong Avengers," the "International Brigade," "Churchill Brigade," "Timoshenko Brigade," and the "Stalin Brigade."

Startling

The results of this system are startling.

Output has risen by 300, 400 and 500 per cent. A single ordnance factory has an output of guns equal to three-quarters of the total production in *all* British factories at the end of the last war.

Another factory is producing five times as many tanks as it was eighteen months ago. Yet another has quadrupled its flow of guns.

Women are among the most active members of many of these commando units.

In some factories 70 per cent. of the workers are women. There is hardly a job in the gamut of war production that they cannot tackle.

In recent tours of British factories I have seen ex-shopgirls, waitresses, dance hostesses and mannequins engaged on precision engineering jobs that were once the work of highly skilled craftsmen.

Some of them had only a few months' training, yet they were working with delicate precision and dead accuracy to the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

And the Girls!

Women, too, played their part in a behind-the-scenes drama that helped to save Britain at the height of the *Luftwaffe blitz.*

When our first night fighters went up to combat Goering's bombers it was found that their exhaust flames betrayed their position.

A complicated flame damping system was introduced, and after it had been perfected this had to be fitted to every night fighter with the greatest possible speed.

Minutes, even seconds, were vital, and the men and women engaged on this particular job worked night and day.

They did a wonderful job, anonymously and without praise. Their only reward was to read what the 'planes they had built were doing to the Nazi raiders.

They needed no other!

Yes, we've got plenty to blow trumpets about in Britain if we want to. The story of the Bren gun is remarkable.

The cost of a single part of the Bren was originally £4 7s. 6d. for material and £234 7s. 6d. for man machine-hours. To-day those costs have been reduced to £1 10s. for material and £10 for machine hours.

That is only one example of science and labour linking hands.

There are many others. The Bofors gun platform, which originally took 1,000 hours to manufacture, is now made in 230 hours.

The 2-pounder barrel originally took 193 hours to make; to-day "Shock Brigaders" are turning out the far larger 6-pounder in 72 hours.

Output of thousands of components in tank and airplane manufacture has been speeded up in the same way.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

I LOOK forward each week to reading A. G. Gardiner's powerful articles. This brilliant journalist presents the war situation in such a clear manner that I am sometimes better informed by his one article than the study of a week's newspapers makes possible.—G. B., Wigan.

★ ★ ★

Why waste valuable shipping space bringing coffee from Brazil or Kenya when we can make good coffee by roasting and grinding dandelion roots? —C. Webster, Jeremy's Farm, Nelson.

★ ★ ★

We have official rat-catchers—why not official sparrow- and rook-catchers? These birds are the farmers' worst enemies and devour tons of food.—A. Chamberlain, Blidworth, Notts.

For weeks I have been unable to get matches. I have either to switch on an electric heater and light some paper from it or keep a gas-ring always burning. Match shortage means more waste. —Mrs. M. Radcliffe, Rochester, Kent.

★ ★ ★

Ninety-three taxis within eleven minutes made the journey from Wimbledon Station to the local greyhound stadium. That's the way to save petrol! —"Warden," Wimbledon.

★ ★ ★

One night the B.B.C. broadcast for lads to work in the mines. On the following evening a speaker gave a gruesome and frightening description of an actual pit disaster. This was to encourage the lads to volunteer, perhaps!—Mrs. H. Howells, Briton-Ferry, South Wales.

SHELTERING HANDS

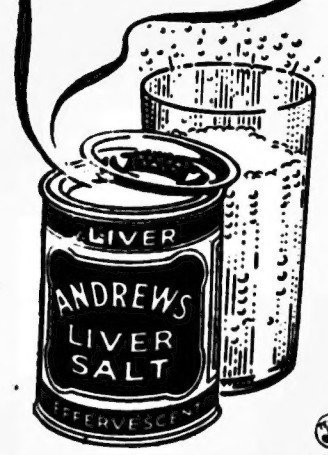
AGE has such sheltering hands, their shadows spin, a gloom across youth's high adventurous gaze. But cautious hands keep closing sunlit gates, they draw youth back from Life's hard open field. Why does age try to save youth from Life's wounds? When all Life's wounds by Time are gently healed. J. M.

Make more use of your RUDGE — and so give the war effort that little extra "helping hand".

RUDGE IS BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE

TO STAY HEALTHY *remember* ***Inner Cleanliness***

Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS is easy with ANDREWS



One size only, 8 ozs. 1/10½d. including purchase tax.

(25)

BOB MARTIN'S

in two forms—

POWDERS

TABLETS

As a wartime measure, part of the output of Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now being issued in tablet form. One tablet is the exact equivalent of one powder, and both are equally efficacious in purifying a dog's blood. Easy to give, a daily Bob Martin's—powder *or* tablet—will keep your dog always healthy and happy.

IN PACKETS OF 9 FOR 7d., 21 FOR 1/1

Rubber to erase the Axis

Nearly all the world's natural sources of rubber supply are in enemy hands. To help make up for this serious loss every ounce of waste rubber must be saved—for it can be reclaimed and brought into service again to help the war effort.

What do I do...?

I make a careful search through my house, garage and garden shed and turn out every possible scrap of worn-out or unwanted rubber—torn rubber gloves, worn-out hot-water bottles, old tyres that are gone beyond repair, discarded Wellingtons, crepe rubber soles, etc. I put out all this waste rubber separately from other salvage, for collection by my local Authority.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

LAST LAUGH

MRS P G (Leeds).—"Far too many people are in love with money. This is the cause of all the trouble in the world to-day." See letter below

P. G. (Leeds).—"My wife is always nagging at me to ask for another rise." See letter above.

MOTHER (Salford).—"I don't care if there is a shortage of holly this coming Christmas." We presume you have saved what you had last Christmas

W. W. (London).—"In a noisy world there might be some advantage if people employed the deaf and dumb language." Particularly Army sergeants.

B B. (Luton).—"Our young people are certainly becoming bigger and bigger. Do you think diet or school drills are the cause?" Maybe—and growing.

DORIS (Sunderland).—"When I marry it will not be for beauty." For booty?

D F. (London).—"In the fourth year of the war Englishmen are still watching the dogs running." And before the year is out they are hoping to see the Dirty Dogs running

G. N. (Portsmouth).—"I saw a naval rugby team play recently and many of them wore beards." Even after the match?

D L. (Luton).—"Mr. Noel Coward is producer, co-director, author, composer of the music and also plays the leading part in a new film." You are shown to your seat by somebody else.

E K (Exeter).—"I frequently receive a blow on the face from a fellow-passenger in a crowded railway carriage." You can always retaliate by talking about the size of *your* marrows

D. K. (Liverpool).—"I am invariably wanted on the telephone when I am enjoying a hot bath." But we presume it isn't *always* a warning message from Major Lloyd George

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

What was being said at this moment couldn't be heard, due to the roar of machinery. (Perhaps it's just as well)

Side-Slips

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"For selling at their C——— shop vinegar which was deficient in ASCETIC acid . . ."

KINGSBRIDGE GAZETTE:—"The great FUTURE of the evening was the appearance of Mr. ———."

SUNDERLAND ECHO.—"Concession applies to letters, postcards, and postal POCKETS."

GREATEST OF THESE: CHRISTMAS APPEAL

● It is an ill thing to be destitute at any time, but to wake, cold and hungry, on Christmas morning, burdened by illness and debt, simply adds to the anguish of many ex-Service men.

★ ★ ★

Some of the most pathetic cases before us are of men whose illness or disability, caused directly or indirectly through this war or the last, is not definite enough or has developed too late to enable a State pension to be granted.

Yet they still have several years to go before an Old Age Pension can be claimed.

Other sorely tried men are those certified as well enough for "light work"—difficult to obtain.

It is particularly hard for parents with young children to support.

These are the families for whom a happy Christmas will only be a dim memory unless help is forthcoming.

★ ★ ★

Christmas in war time is especially depressing to poor old men and women trying to live on meagre pensions; sick, suffering and nerve-racked people who have endured long periods of active service.

Throughout the year our Fund tries to help as many of these unfortunates as it possibly can, in addition to each week's individual appeal.

With high taxation and generally increased cost of living, we know it will not be easy for the majority of people to be generous this year.

But if all our readers sent even a small donation we should be enabled to make a grant to countless needy families which would at least allow them to purchase most of the rations to which they are entitled.

★ ★ ★

This week, therefore, we make a special request for donations to our Christmas Fund, and we feel convinced that we shall not appeal in vain.

All letters should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund*, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given they will be acknowledged.

We express our sincere thanks to all those readers who send regular donations anonymously throughout the year.

All administration expenses of the Fund are gladly borne by JOHN BULL, so whatever you send goes to ease distress without deduction.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

FIRST PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,347

C. Hukin, Ashville, Wyncroft Grove, Bramhope, Nr. Leeds, for this "Bullet":—

BECAUSE WE STOOD "INFLEXIBLE," ALLIED "SPRINGBOARD" TO-DAY.

£20: J. W. Leigh, 9, Strathaird Ave., Walney, Barrow-in-Furness.
Short Of Workers—Germany—*And* Works, Sooe!

£10: Mrs. S. Hollister, 7, Oakwood Ave., Purley, Surrey.
Bit Of Heaven—Hard Bunk, After Raft.

£5: F. Shelley, 7, Doidge Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
In Desperation—Hitler Elected—*And* Overthrown?

£4: Mrs. T. W. Martin, The Villa, Lonmay, Aberdeenshire.
Fuel Is Precious, So—*Share* A Copper, Lady!

£3: W. Bobbett, c/o Bobbetts' Garages and Engineering Works, The Quay, Teignmouth.
With A Watchful Eye—On "Cooking," Woolton "Catering."

£2: W. Osborn, 38, Paradise Lane, Hall Green, Birmingham.
British Propaganda—Not "Flowery," but "Fruitful."

READY FOR XMAS? SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

20s.: M. Richards, The Mount, Donnington Wood Nr. Wellington.
Fire-watcher Auntie—"Spitfire," But Won't "Climb"!

20s.: Miss M. Watts, 103, Hewlett Road, Cheltenham.
Bit Of Heaven—For Hanpeak, Vicar's Call

20s.: W. R. Davis, 101, Highworth Road, N.11
With A Watchful Eye—Hoodle, Dodging Dad's Cotton!

20s.: W. Holland, 2, Love Lane, Pinner.
Pressing Problem—After Problem—Into Pigeonhole

20s.: R. C. Tavener, 45, Gladys Avenue, Portsmouth.
Won't Work—Lighter—*Or* Thumb, How?

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

8 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 299

WINNING WORDS: 1. Leading. 2. Post. 3. Gris. 4. Rook. 5. Sop. 6. Cooling. 7. Enraged. 8. Glimmer. 9. Forming. 10. Lea. 11. Lost. 12. Left. 13. Gape. 14. Dongled.

£100 SEARCHERS: Miss E. P. Arthur, 16, Priestmill Rd., Heaton Mersey, M/c.; C. W. Aston, 64, Albert Rd., Evesham; E. C. Cooper, School House, Bierton, Aylesbury; Miss E. Holdsworth, 17, Duke St., Elland; M. Mackie, 73, Inchmery Rd., Catford; J. A. Morton, 7, Heathfield Rd., Birkenhead; H. C. L. Stocks, The Chantry, St. Asaph; L. Vane, 450, Barlow Moor Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

Awards value £325 shared between 59 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE **£340**

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will HEAL IT -Clean!

Dear Sirs,
I suffered from creeping eczema, and after using all sorts of treatments I received to try Germolene. I had not been able to sleep at night for the irritation. After a week's treatment with GERMOLENE all traces of the trouble left me, leaving my skin quite clean. You can publish this letter so as to benefit other people. M. E. Darlington.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

Germolene is famed for its remarkable benefit in all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Skin Rash, Irritation, Inflammation, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily

1 SPRINKLE IN HARPIC AND LEAVE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE

Its thorough cleansing action reaches right into the S-bend at the back.

2 THEN FLUSH— THE BOWL GLEAMS WHITE

Harpic removes all discoloration. The lavatory is clean and sanitary — the part you don't see as well.

★ ★ ★

Nothing equals Harpic. Harpic is a boon for the housewife at the present time. It cleans the pan thoroughly, disinfects and deodorizes too. Just sprinkle in and *leave*. Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic.

THE LOGICAL TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM

Many persons taking 'Milk of Magnesia' for acid stomach find to their joy, that the rheumatism from which they suffered has also disappeared. This is explained by the fact that most rheumatic afflictions are caused by excess uric acid, which is neutralized by the antacid action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

If you are racked with pain and crippled by rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica or gout, it is due to excess uric acid in your system. Correct this by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' daily. It is the ideal antacid for regular use. It will alkalize and sweeten your system. It will rid you of harmful uric acid and, by thus removing the cause of the pain, will quickly relieve your aching muscles and joints. 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax). Obtainable everywhere. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½ (Including Purchase Tax.) Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

DOES YOUR CHILD TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives, they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a natural laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Children love the delicious flavour.

£125 for 1 WEEK X-WORD

PRIZES VALUE £125 — 1st PRIZE £100 — RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 299, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and post coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 303

	CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry columns. 5p Entry-fee for 1 Col. 5p 5p 5p								
1	THAT PEOPLE ARE PONDEROUS AND HEAVY IS OCCASIONALLY ATTRIBUTED TO		F	A	T				
2	OPPOSING SIDE'S MISTAKES IN FIELD MAY IMPROVE HIS CHANCES		H	I	T	E	R		
3	CORRECTLY REVEALS SOME UNEXPECTED LACK IN ARMY	D	E	F	E	T			
4	PLAUSIBLE WITNESS IN THIS BY SHADY COLLECTOR		P	R	I	E	D		
5	THERE'S A SPORT ONE ASSOCIATES WITH THIS		P	O	L				
6	IT MAY CAUSE TROUBLE WHEN DRINK MAKES A MAN	L	I	V	E	Y			
7	MAY WELL MAKE A HOLE IN ONE'S STOCKING		F	E	E				
8	IT'S UNFAIR TO BLAME SOFTHEARTED CHAP FOR GIVING WAY TO		D	O	L				
9	THOSE OF ALLIED RETRIBUTION MUST GIVE HITLER MANY A BAD NIGHT	D	R	E	A				
10	MILITARY ATTACK IS often		T	I	M	D			
11	VISIT TO ZOO MAY WELL RESULT IN YOUNG ANIMAL LOVER DESIRING		K	E	E	P	E	R	
12	TO CONCEAL THE TRUTH IS often THIS	D	E	C	E	T			
13	MOST WOMEN WOULD LIKE TO FURNISH THEIR BEDROOM IN THIS FASHION		C	O	S	L	Y		
14	CERTAIN TYPE OF PERSON IS MADE UNCOMFORTABLE BY THOUGHT OF IT		E	A	S				

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Dec. 5.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, NOV. 23

Signed .....

Address .....

303.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

XMAS XTRA

EXTRA PRIZE ARRIVING XMAS DAY FOR ALL CASH WINNERS IN THIS WEEK'S BULLETS & X WORDS!

RULES 1.—First Prize in **Bullets** will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. **Xwords** First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one **Xword** Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete **Xword** in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in **Bullets** and **Xwords** shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two **Bullets** or 6d. per two **Xword** columns used. Two **Xword** columns FREE with each six paid. Two **Bullets** FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, issue payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated December 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for BULLETS

PRIZES VALUE OVER £200 — FIRST PRIZE £50 FOR 23 or 4 WORDS

OTHER AWARDS £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20/- or 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Dec. 4.

WORLD'S PROBLEM
FIT FOR HEROES
MRS. ROOSEVELT
SHINING EXAMPLE
OVERCROWDED
GOOD TO SEE
HER PLACE
BAND OF BROTHERS
LONG WAY TO GO
OFFICIALDOM v. COMMON-SENSE

IN THESE DAYS
THE ENEMY
WORDY WARFARE
COUNTS A LOT
THINKING PEOPLE
WONDERING WHY
MISTAKES
SURPRISE FOR THE PRIVATE
PINCER MOVEMENT
GRANNY'S A DEAR, BUT

BULLETS 1,347 RESULT appears on page 14

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

NATION OF .....
ON THE OLD .....
SOMEWHERE IN .....
NOT ENOUGH .....
FAR FROM.....
WHAT WE'RE ..... FOR

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated December 5.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,351 Monday, Nov. 23.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,351—or Xword No. 303, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Diggers from Australia SWEAR by KOLYNOS! of course

Cricketers and kangaroos used to comprise the average Englishman's conception of Australia, but the war has brought much closer this vast Commonwealth of 7,000,000 citizens of the Empire. When the sun sinks below our horizon it now rises on 'comrades' down under; or, to put it another way, when we are brushing our teeth last thing at night, the people of Sydney are similarly employed after turning out of bed in the morning—and using KOLYNOS, of course!

IMPORTANT.—USED TUBES WANTED FOR MUNITIONS: RETURN TO CHEMIST

Splendid Corrective!

The scarcity of certain foods, resulting in a less varied diet, is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases, Lizen makes a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna by a special process that removes all harshness, it helps the system back to regularity in a safe, healthy way. Lizen is equally suitable for young or old. Lizen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lizen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/6. Incl. Purchase Tax. *Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.*

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

5498

H. SAMUEL

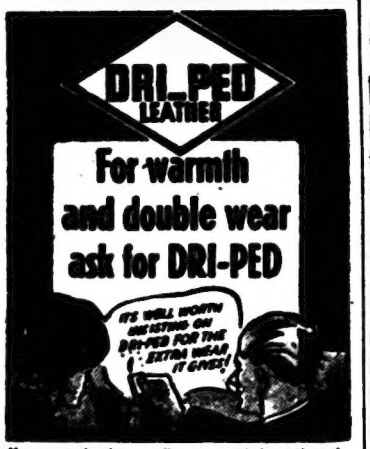
H. SAMUEL, famous for good watches and fine jewellery for over a century, is today going all out on war work. This means that H. Samuel Treasures will be few and far between until Victory is won—though at any of his 99 branches you will still find unrivalled quality and value.

Meanwhile—buy WAR SAVINGS regularly and help to win the war!

Headquarters MARKET ST., MANCHESTER, 1

DRI-PED LEATHER

For warmth and double wear ask for DRI-PED



Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed, but it's worth trying hard to obtain.

DRI-PED LTD., ROSE HILL TANNERY, BOLTON, LANCS.

In Czechoslovakia *then* . . . *In* England *now*

In those happy far-off days when people were still free and food still plentiful in Czechoslovakia, Czech cooking was famed for its Pecena Husa with Knedlik a Zeli (Roast goose with dumplings and cabbage) *and* for the way they had with potatoes. Here is a potato main-dish which was demonstrated the other day in London by a team of Czechoslovakian cooks. It is delicious, and it makes good use of our home-grown crop of potatoes which has been described as "the envy of Europe".

SCALLOPED VEGETABLES AU GRATIN

Grease a fire-proof dish, shake over crisp breadcrumbs to coat. Prepare and slice very finely 1½ lb. potatoes, 1 lb. carrots, a few sticks of celery or other vegetables in season, grate 3-4 oz. cheese. Place a layer of sliced potatoes in the dish, fill up with alternate layers of mixed vegetables and potato, seasoning each layer with grated cheese, salt, pepper. Finish with top layer of potatoes. Add a little water. Sprinkle top with grated cheese. Put in moderate oven, cook 30-40 minutes until top is browned. Serve hot. (Moisten with a little milk towards end of cooking if necessary.)

Potatoes
are part of the battle

P.7

Are You Keeping
HEALTHY HAPPY, FIT

FITNESS — vitality — freshness—zest, are purely matters of internal well-being. Bile Beans taken regularly at bedtime promote that well-being, ensuring regular elimination, a healthy bloodstream, and a digestive system that works just like a clock.

So, for bright eyes, clear complexion, and that tireless energy to "keep the pace"—just remember nightly Bile Beans—they are the ideal tonic-laxative.

BILE BEANS

Come and cook for the RAF . . .
men of 42 and over

Nowhere is a good cook's work so truly appreciated as by the crews of operational aircraft. As the war effort increases, the younger R.A.F. cooks must be released for more active service. Their places must be taken by men (aged over 42) who are civilians at present. If you can cook already, so much the better—if not, the R.A.F. will train you. Pay for a 7-day week and "all found" and allowances. Remember, a good man has an excellent chance of promotion and increased pay. Post the coupon below (unsealed envelope 1d. stamp), or apply to the R.A.F. Section of your nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange).

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Please send me information regarding R.A.F. trades for men over 42.

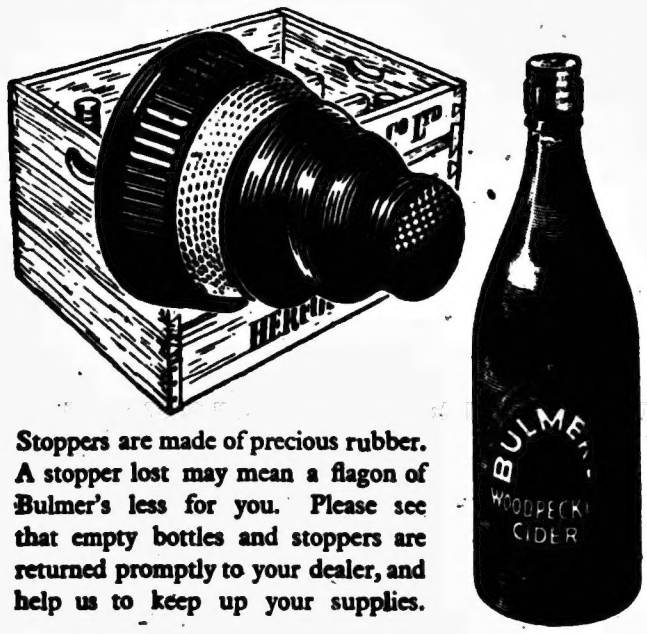
NAME .....

ADDRESS

G144/14/11

VOLUNTEER FOR THE RAF

You can replace this stopper.. *we can't*



Stoppers are made of precious rubber. A stopper lost may mean a flagon of Bulmer's less for you. Please see that empty bottles and stoppers are returned promptly to your dealer, and help us to keep up your supplies.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD royds 40

EASY
SHAVING STICK
GOOD FOR MORE THAN **100** SHAVES

7½d (includes purchase tax)

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

E 348-787-88

Colds, 'Flu & Common Sense!

Simple Health Rules for the Winter

Common sense dictates that we take reasonable precautions to keep fit so as to "pull our weight" in the strenuous times ahead. **Fresh air—plain food—exercise and warm clothing instead of big fires**—they are the simple health rules as far as circumstances permit you to follow them. **'ASPRO' TABLETS FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM COLDS AND 'FLU** is another valuable hint that millions act upon. They know that 'ASPRO' with a hot drink smashes colds or 'flu attacks in one night and saves lying up. Many write us out of a desire to help others by passing on their experiences. They want you to know how **'ASPRO' is helping the workers every day**—dispelling pain—headaches—neuralgia—rheumatic twinges, etc.—soothing the nerves and bringing sweet sleep to the sleepless. 'ASPRO' is sympathy and healing power in tablet form.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR
COLDS
INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
TOOTHACHE
ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO'
offers you its HELP!

SMASHES COLDS IN ONE NIGHT

G. KAY, of 72a Townholm Crescent, Hanwell, W.7, writes:—"I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a hot drink and 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by morning, I am my own self again."

MARVELLOUS FOR HEADACHES

Mrs. JAMES CAMPBELL, of 36 Gt. Western Road, Glasgow, writes:—"Being subject to severe headaches I have used 'ASPRO' tablets for years with marvellous results. I will recommend 'ASPRO' wherever I can, you can rest assured."

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

ASPRO PRICES 1 TAPE 5 TABLETS 3½ 2 TAPES 6½ CARTON 27 TABLETS 1/3½
Purchase Tax Included
OF CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.